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SIXPENCE.

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PRINCE OLAF RECEIVES MAID MARIAN: MISS EVELYN MILLARD KISSING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S HAND AT WINDSOR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The Crown Prince Olaf was allowed to be present in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor when Mr. Lewis Waller's company was rehearsing "Robin Hood" for the state performance. At the close the Prince desired to see Miss Evelyn Millard and the other actresses, and accordingly he awaited them with quaint dignity in an ante-room. When Miss Millard appeared Prince Olaf presented the back of his hand for her to kiss. His air was as courtly as that of an already reigning monarch.

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PARLIAMENT.

THE Lords were less truculent, and the Education Bill progressed more rapidly. The Primate and Viscount St. Aldwyn compiled an Amendment to Clause VIII. to the effect that the local education authority shall consult with the parents' committee as to the religious qualifications of teachers in extended-facilities schools. The discussion gave the Marquess of Salisbury the opportunity for calling the House of Lords a common-sense, business-like assembly. On Tuesday no less than five Clauses were added with but slight amendment to the Bill.

The Chinese problem in South Africa gave subject for grave debate in both Houses. Mr. Lehmann drew the attention of the Commons to the subject in a speech so free from party recrimination that it received the congratulations of both sides. Mr. Winston Churchill, who excited angrier discussion, was evidently nettled by the leakage of information. It turned out that Mr. Mackarness had been given permission to read the confidential report by Lord Elgin's private secretary without consultation, so that the suggestion that the Government withheld the report in order to put Mr. Lyttelton at a disadvantage was "worthy of a distinguished place in the category of current political slanders." Mr. Churchill stated that vice in the compounds was being vigorously dealt with, and that there would be wholesale repatriations. Lord Selborne was using every effort to stamp out the vice, which was sufficient to seal the fate of Chinese labour. The Transvaal, he said, must be a British colony, and not a mining compound.

Defending Clause LIII. of the Merchant Shipping Bill, Mr. Lloyd-George stated that to increase the cubic space for Lascars was equivalent to compulsory bronchitis, and would mean their exclusion from British ships. Why, should you confine Lascars to the Indian Ocean? As British subjects they have as much right here as we have in India, and a very much better right, too. The new Clause affecting the local marine boards roused Mr. Bonar Law, who declared that Mr. Lloyd-George would eat the Church of England for breakfast, the House of Lords for lunch, and still have an appetite for the marine boards for dinner. The Clause, however, was carried by a majority of 215.

Mr. Balfour maintained that the provision in Clause I. of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Bill, which confers on town tenants a right to compensation for improvements, was nothing in the world but highway robbery. Mr. Bryce, on the other hand, believed that by this clause they were not breaking contracts, but merely adding a general legal condition to all tenancies.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S NEW PLAY AT THE COURT.

OSTENSIBLY Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," has been composed in answer to a challenge of Mr. William Archer's—composed to prove that its author can write a tragedy, or, at least, a death-scene. In point of fact, the result of Mr. Shaw's labours is not a tragedy at all, but something like a farcical melodrama, and his death-scene, with its artist-hero babbling out a cheap creed of "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt—I believe in the gospel of beautiful colour," is so far from being impressive that it is a travesty in rather hideous taste. But Mr. Shaw is nothing if not a man of surprises, and what he has demonstrated startlingly in this new piece of his is that he can handle graciously and affectingly human sentiment, that he can portray persons with hearts as well as brains, that he can make characters that are other than mere facets of his own witty, intensely clever, but rather hard and gem-like personality, and present convincing studies of a loving woman, a charming old man, an estimable struggling practitioner. Marvellous discovery! murmurs the cynic, but those who know their Shaw will recognise the importance both for "G. B. S." and our stage of this new departure. Curiously enough, where Mr. Shaw has failed this time is in achieving what should have been easy for him—that is, in depicting plausibly a Superman with the artistic temperament. His consumptive hero, who has great genius and with it an unscrupulous knack of borrowing money, and other glaring moral defects, but is loved to distraction by a lovable Cornish girl, is very vaguely sketched in. Far more completely realised is the doctor of the title, an expert in the cure of tuberculosis, whose dilemma lies in his having to choose whether he shall save the life of the worthless genius or that of a worthy, hard-working colleague, and whose choice of the latter is not a little affected by his feeling love for the genius's devoted young wife. Of course, there is much wit and verbiage and medical jargon in the play, as well as a very piquant epilogue to the death-scene. But it is Mr. Shaw's more sentimental or human characters that arrest attention, and for once give most scope to his actors. True, Mr. Eric Lewis scores heavily in the rôle of a Shakespeare-quoting and incompetent medical humbug; true, Mr. Granville Barker gives a bizarre portrait of the good-for-nothing artist; but, on the whole, the best acting at the Court comes from Mr. Ben Webster as the tempted specialist and from Miss Lillah McCarthy as the loyal and affectionate heroine.

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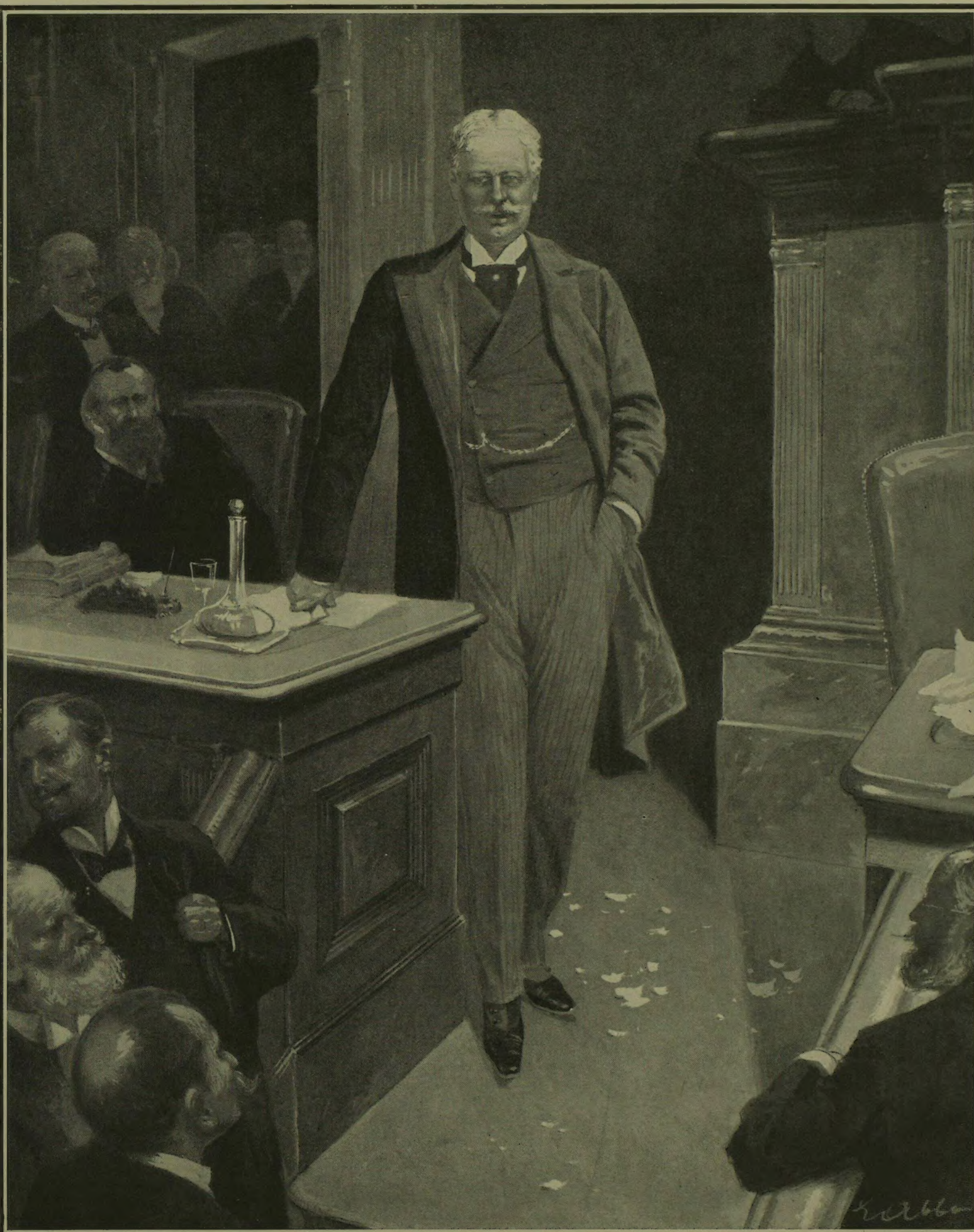
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Seven months ago Prince Bülow was taken suddenly ill in the Reichstag. His re-appearance on November 14 was the occasion of a sympathetic greeting by a crowded house. He was apparently conscious that the House was scrutinising his appearance, and during the greater part of his speech he kept his eyes fixed on the desk before him. He spoke twice, the first time to enforce Germany's pacific policy. The second time, amid the suppressed excitement of the House, he dealt with the attacks which had been made on the Emperor's activity in home and foreign politics. While he did not deny the existence of a Court Camarilla, he declared that the Emperor was neither the automaton of Ministers nor the puppet of Parliament.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM sorry to see that there is a sort of universal assumption in most of the newspapers that the gentleman who threw gold to the gutter-children and the men in the street recently was doing something entirely indefensible and absurd. When he interpreted charity as the duty of throwing money about the street, he did something which I, for one, have been hoping for for some time. I will not go so far as to say that he was quite right; but I certainly think he was much more right than all the scientific philanthropists and charity organisers who disapprove of him. It is all very well to say that political economists point out that casual charity does harm. Political economists (if it comes to that) also point out that organised charity does harm. Political economists (in their present state of mind) are quite capable of pointing out that eating and drinking do harm—and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, eating and drinking certainly do. One talks of throwing money into the sea. One talks of flinging wealth into the bottomless pit. One talks of pouring good wine down the sink. But at least, in all these cases of throwing something into an abyss, the thing, when once it is in the abyss, can do no harm. Money cannot bribe the sea; nor can wine intoxicate the waste-pipe. But we do something much darker and more reckless when we fling wine or food into that more fearful abyss which is inside ourselves.

Why should I worry because I do not know whether I am doing good or harm when I give a meal to a beggar? I do not know whether I am doing good or harm when I give a meal to myself. Food such as we eat in civilised times and with civilised digestions, food, in this sense, contains the seeds of death almost as much as the seeds of life. Do not tell me that I do not know what happens to the half-crown that I give to that recognised tramp, Weary Willy. I do not know what happens to the ham-sandwich that I give to that hungry outcast, G. K. Chesterton. I do not want to know. I know that in one sense we are all pouring gifts into a bottomless universe, a universe that uses the gifts in its own way and in a complexity beyond our control or even our imagination.

Undoubtedly in the matter of beggars and charity I know that I do not know—I do not know what use will ultimately be made of the present in money that I give to a poor man. But no more do I know what use will be made of any other present that I give to any other man. To give any present worth calling a present is to give power; to give power is to give liberty; to give liberty is to give potential sin. If I give the most decorous and pious present, it passes beyond my power merely because I have given it. If I give a man a Bible, he may read it in order to justify polygamy. Many men have read the Bible (the Mormons, for instance) only to justify polygamy. If I give a man a cup of cocoa (which I feel sure I should never do), he might gain from that cup of cocoa exactly the amount of nourishment and vigour which he needed to commit a murder. Many men, I feel sure (though I have no statistics to hand) have committed murder under the immediate invigoration of cocoa. If I give a man a church he may hold a Black Mass in it. If I give a man an altar (which seems improbable) he may use it for human sacrifice. And if this is the logic even of those cases in which the gift itself is something commonly accounted blameless or correct, the case is overwhelmingly strong as regards the ordinary gifts that people of the world give to each other. If it is possible that money or drink can be misused by our social inferiors, it is quite certain that books and clothes and furniture and works of art can be misused and are misused by our equals.

Here is the peculiar meanness of the objection to casual charity. We are not allowed to assume that money is a good thing for those who have not got it in the same approximate and general sense in which we assume that big salaries or titles or pictures or invitations are good things for the people who have not got them. We are told that it is our duty to consider whether the little almsgiving will make the beggar more drunken or more idle. But we are never told that it is our duty to consider whether helping such-and-such a gentleman to a good salary will make him more drunken or more idle. It is not our duty to ask ourselves whether giving a lady pearls will make her more vain. It is not our duty to ask ourselves whether giving a pedant books will make him more pedantic. We are not expected to calculate by an elaborate psychology whether giving a gorgeous wedding present to a fashionable couple will leave them ethically better or worse than they are. In all these cases we, being common-sense people, claim the right to say, "How they use the thing is their affair; I am justified in assuming that, for ordinary purposes, books are a benefit, and pretty jewels are a benefit, and a good salary is a benefit." But the only case in which we are not allowed to argue thus is exactly the case of giving money to the very poor. That

is to say, the only case where we are not allowed to treat money as being some sort of good in itself is the one case where we really know that it is wanted.

We do not know that even a sincere lady really wants pearls. But we do know, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that even a humbugging beggar really wants money. Our ignorance about what will happen to the money is simply a part of our ignorance of what will happen to anything, of our ignorance of the whole world in which we live. What is really vile is this: that the ignorance which is never invoked when we are satisfying all the frivolous needs of the frivolous is always suddenly and violently invoked when we are, for once in a way, satisfying the palpable needs of the needy. I do not wish to pursue this aspect of the question; it becomes too serious for such a place as this. But once, when the one great human crime of human history was being committed, the crime which blotted the sun out of heaven, the spirit which had most reason to complain said of those criminals, "They know not what they do." It is indeed true that we know not what we do. We were permitted to urge that excuse when we were doing a crime. Are we really not allowed to urge it when we are doing a kindness?

Therefore, I have a sympathy with the mad philanthropist. I know that when he threw his money about in the street, all the institutions of the modern world told him that he was doing more harm than good. But then, I know also that every one of those institutions would have told him that he was doing more harm than good if he had given the money to any of the other institutions. There is a reasonable attack to be made on promiscuous charity. But there is exactly the same reasonable attack to be made on organised charity. I know myself of the case of a vague-minded millionaire who came to two of the greatest public men of our time and asked them how he could do good with his money. The first, after long consideration of all the issues, I have no doubt in the most philanthropic spirit, advised him to stick to it. The other, after taking a month to consider the matter, wrote to him to say that he had thought of one way in which the man could do no harm with his gold, and that was to coat the dome of St. Paul's with it.

When there is as much hopelessness and helplessness as this even about systematic charity, it is quite absurd to point out as something special the hopelessness and helplessness of individual charity. I have some sympathy with the man who wanted to plaster the dome of St. Paul's with gold. But I have much more sympathy with Mr. Yates, the mad philanthropist of recent days, who wants to fulfil the old legend and pave the streets of London with gold. That his gifts caused envy, disorder, and even disappointment, is probably true. So does the absence of any such gifts cause envy, disorder, and disappointment. I do not seriously defend this method in its entirety. But I do say that it will be in this individual way that charity will really be reformed. Nothing will be done until we have realised that charity is not giving rewards to the deserving, but happiness to the unhappy.

As things stand we have only a choice between giving money to men whom we know nothing about and giving money to institutions that we know nothing about. Of course we may know of an institution that it is, in the formal and futile sense, respectable, that it is solvent, that it is not run by a swindler with his trunks packed and labelled "Venezuela"; but that is not what we want to know about a charity. We do not want to know about a charity merely that it is cautious and solid like a bank. We want to know about a charity that it is to be trusted not only with men's bodies but with men's souls. We want to know of a charity that it is human, comprehending, sympathetic with free men, magnanimous. In short, queerly enough, we want to know of a charity that it is charitable. And this, as a rule, we do not know. These are the things that drive the thinking man back upon a momentary sympathy with the methods of the gentleman who was described in the newspapers as the "mad millionaire." Subsequent inquiry discovered, I think, that he was not a millionaire. And still further and more profound inquiry will, I think, discover that he was not so very mad.

There is one note on a mere matter of fact which may be added to this rambling discussion. I do not know whether there are any methods by which one can test whether the recipient of alms is genuine. But I am quite certain that the method commonly adopted, especially by charitable ladies, is utter bosh. You will constantly hear a starving man classed as a fraud because the moment he has got his money he "goes into a public house." This precious test is constantly adopted to prove that a hungry man is a humbug. Nobody seems to have the common intelligence to recall the fact that going into a public-house is exactly what he would do if he were not a humbug but a hungry man. He goes there first of all because it is the only place that has the sense to sell large hunks of bread-and-cheese for a few pence. And if he does go also for some stimulant he does exactly what any sane Bishop or Chief Justice would also do if he had really become faint for want of food. I add this merely as a detail, but an urgent one. Whatever test of beggars you would employ, do not employ this imbecile test, universal among modern philanthropists.

SANTOS-DUMONT INTERVIEWED

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN PARIS.

[SEE DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

ONE of the oldest problems in the world is the problem of flying. Men in all ages have tried to fly, to launch themselves with wings bodily into space. If you search scientific records, you will find many curious examples of flying-machines. And then, is there not the traditional instance of the inventor throwing himself from a high steeple in a mad confidence that his wings would bear him up, and finding a terrible death as a tragic commentary on his own imprudence? There is a man to-day who has distanced all others in his conquest of the air. His name is on everybody's lips. When the history of aerial navigation comes to be written, he will certainly have a foremost place in it. He is the very figure, the very type of energy. Small and wiry, he is of the stuff of explorers and conquerors. It is no light test of nerves to thrust oneself into the impalpable air upon the back of one's own invention. Everyone remembers Santos-Dumont's sensational flight round the Eiffel Tower in a motor air-ship. It seemed then that the first chapter had been written in practical aeronautics. But in this present year of grace, Santos-Dumont turned away from his steerable balloon and gave himself body and soul to the theory of "heavier than air"—that is to say, to a class of machine that does not rely upon a gas-bag to keep it suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, midway 'twixt earth and heaven.

I asked him, in a recent conversation, why he had deserted his old love. "Well," he said, "the 'dirigible' may be quite right for war purposes, but for real sport it is not speedy enough. It is much too bulky in the air. You must have an aeroplane for high speed. My machine, for the moment, is a large affair, but I shall reduce the size of the wings in future constructions until they will not measure more than three or four feet in length, with a width of two feet. The great point in aeroplaning is to secure speed. Faster and faster is the cry. I have a wonderful motor, which I am fitting to my 'Bird of Prey.' This is the machine in which I have made all my experiments. The new motor weighs only 225 lb., and develops 100-h.p., the lightest per horse-power ever made."

Santos-Dumont is a man of immense enthusiasm. You feel that when you talk to him, and you are sure of it when you know he is risking his neck every day in the cause of aerial science and is sacrificing youth and fortune to the same winged goddess. "And so speed is everything in clearing the clouds?" I said. "Yes, undoubtedly. Speed enables you to weather the tempest. Supposing you are travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour in the air—and I believe that in two years' time that speed will be perfectly possible—then you must be in a veritable hurricane to be seriously affected. It is not often, in Europe at least, that the velocity of the wind surpasses sixty miles an hour. Of course, there are different currents in the air—waves of air—some travelling much faster than others. A bird's wing accustoms itself, automatically, to these varying currents in the medium; it is my business to learn that art. I am serving my apprenticeship to the *métier de l'oiseau*," observed the aeronaut, very happily.

The steering of the machine is half the battle. That is the subject to which M. Santos-Dumont is now particularly attending. His air-ship, the famous "Bird of Prey," which flew 250 yards at Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, the other day, is fitted with three rudders. Direction is given to the ship by means of a rudder in front, operated by a steering-wheel. The aeronaut is a perfect adept with this apparatus, but the other two rudders, which are situated in the planes or wings, are less easy to master. These side-rudders are for correcting the line of flight in case of a puff of wind, or other cause of deviation from the straight course. They are worked by cords attached to iron hoops passed over the aeronaut's arms, and it is by swaying the body in either direction that the movements are produced. When the motor moves forward in the air the intrepid pilot inclines first one rudder and then the other. The wicker basket-car in which he stands is balanced on pivots, and takes any required angle.

"And the descent, is it not of great difficulty?" I queried.

"Oh, no," said M. Santos-Dumont. "On the day when I made my flight at Bagatelle, I descended ten times, and only had a slight accident on the last occasion, owing to having to descend suddenly to avoid crushing the people who were walking beneath me. The machine glides down and touches the ground so softly that I hardly know when I have come to earth. I feel no shock."

"I am confident of the future of aeroplanes. Consider how inexpensive they are, and how comparatively easy to make: I constructed mine in a few months. The cost has been slight in comparison with a steerable balloon, and is much less than an automobile."

"But the danger is greater?"

"I fail to see that. On the contrary, it seems to me that motoring on land provides a more fruitful source of accident than motoring in the air. At least, the risk of collision is less," and the aeronaut laughed gaily.

Perhaps it is as well to point out that Santos-Dumont's achievement is not a mere repetition of Sir Hiram Maxim's. The Maxim machine did not attain independent flight, but was started from railway-lines.

Marvellous is the activity at this moment in France in this great matter of aerial flight. There are at least five firms at work constructing machines to navigate the upper airs. Even the automobile houses are interested.

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT IN PARIS: THE FEMALE CABBY.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



OUR PARIS ARTIST'S VISION OF LA FEMME COCHER.

After the woman theatre-manager, they are to have the woman cabman in Paris. Several women have applied to the Préfecture of Police for a cabman's license. The cab companies are designing a uniform for the women. It is proposed that it shall be a beige dress with a turned-down collar. It is to be made with revers showing a waistcoat of white silk embroidered with gold whips. The hat is to be three-cornered and grey. This dress, however, is not yet adopted.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Prince Bülow on Foreign Affairs.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week Prince Bülow delivered a very interesting and instructive political discourse. It was addressed to the



THE LATE VISCOUNTESS SELBY,
Wife of the ex-Speaker.

Reichstag, but it goes without saying that all Europe was listening. The Chancellor's speech was a masterpiece of tactful optimism, and if he spoke of German diplomacy in terms too flattering for the hard facts of the past twelve months, he could hardly have been expected to do otherwise. He declared that Germany does not regard the *entente cordiale* as a menace to her interests, but forgot to explain why, in the circumstances, German foreign policy has aimed at wrecking it. Germany must be armed at all points to keep Alsace and Lorraine, and while correct relations with France are possible, no French Minister or Deputy has recommended a closer connection. Germany does not propose to thrust herself between France and Russia or France and England, and it is as reasonable for Germany and this country to be friendly as it is for Germany and Russia to enjoy cordial relations without prejudice to the Dual Alliance. Prince Bülow went on to say that Germany will not consent to be "penned in" and any attempt to inflict this indignity, whatever it may be, upon her, will be fraught with grave danger to the peace of Europe. (Herr Bassermann, in opening the debate, had declared that England aims at penning Germany in.) Everybody in Germany desires friendly relations with Great Britain, but Germany has as much right to build war-ships as any other Power, and proposes to exercise that right to the full. Talk of German isolation is absurd. "A nation of sixty millions with an army like the German army is never isolated while it is true to itself and has confidence." Prince Bülow dealt with the question of Personal Government very tactfully indeed and in a fashion calculated to strengthen the Kaiser's hand, and declared that the central Government has never been unmindful of its duty to the federated Governments. Thus the Federal Council Committee for Foreign Affairs was summoned last spring "at a decisive stage of the Morocco Question." Prince Bülow, referring to Italy's attitude towards the Triple Alliance, declared that he has every belief in the loyalty of Italian statesmen. The ambiguity of this remark has not failed to attract comment. While it is clear to all observers that German foreign policy has been mismanaged and gone astray, Prince Bülow may be congratulated upon making the best of a difficult position.

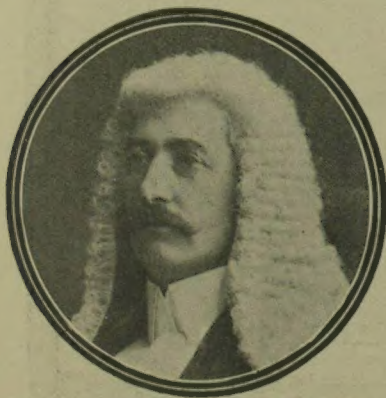


Photo. Lafayette.

MR. W. MOORE, M.P.,
Colonel Sanderson's Successor, North Armagh.
J.P. for Antrim, and a member of the General Synod for the Church of Ireland. He has already sat for North Antrim. After the election, Mr. Moore was presented with an Irish blackthorn stick decorated with red, white, and blue ribbon. With this, the Master of an Orange Lodge asked Mr. Moore to

thrash out of the House of Commons all traitors' Home Rulers, and Devolutionists.

Lady Selby, who died on Nov. 16, was better known as Mrs. Gully. She was the wife of the former Speaker of the House of Commons, and the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Selby, of Whitly and Wimbish, Essex. She married Mr. Gully in 1865. Her receptions at the Speaker's House were memorable events of the season during her husband's tenure of office.

Major-General Sir Arthur Paget, who has been appointed to the command in Ireland, in succession to Lord Grenfell, has been in command of the First Division of the First Army Corps since 1902. He entered the Scots Guards in 1869. His war service includes the Ashanti, Sudan, Burmese, and South African campaigns. In the late war he commanded the 20th Brigade, was mentioned in dispatches, and received the medal with six clasps.

The chief political interest at the moment in Australia is the nomination for the Federal Elections. Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier, has been attacked by his old ally, the Labour Party, and he has pledged himself to form an Anti-Socialist party. He will endeavour to effect a coalition between all the groups opposed to Socialism.

The Explosion in St. Peter's.

Last week a bomb constructed to make the maximum of noise and cause the minimum of actual damage exploded in the Café Aragno in Rome, and on Sunday last another bomb made in similar fashion exploded against the Canova monument of Clement XIII. in the Cathedral of St. Peter. A large number of people were in the Basilica at the time, but happily the other part of the church was nearly empty. No damage was



Photos. Chusseau Flavien.

AS A HORSEMAN: THE CROWN PRINCE ON HORSEBACK.

THE REPORTED MADNESS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA.

It has been reported that the Crown Prince of Serbia, George Karageorgevitch, has become mad, and will be sent abroad. The succession, it was said, would pass to his brother, Prince Alexander. The Crown Prince is understood to have been subject to fierce fits of irascibility, and to have behaved brutally to his aides-de-camp, who have resigned one after the other. Latterly no one would accept the post. The Prince's tutor is also said to have resigned. An official denial has been issued.

done by the explosion, and the only traces left behind were on the marble pedestal of the monument, which was slightly blackened. The Pope heard the explosion in the Vatican, and was informed of its nature by the Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, Monsignor Bisleti. His Holiness was deeply grieved, but after special prayers had been offered, he proceeded to the Hall of the Consistory, where he received seven hundred people. Examination of the fragments of the bomb showed that it consisted of a large tin box bound round with wire, and containing about 2 lb. of gunpowder and 3 lb. of nails. The Ministry of the Interior has offered a reward for information that will lead to the arrest of the parties responsible for the two outrages.

The Woman Cabby in Paris.

There is a very real and tremendous woman's movement in France. It is called "Féminisme." It makes no noise and moves along on greased wheels, and it has the speed of the whirlwind. It has begun to startle the mere male from his placidity. Women are becoming barristers and doctors, are entering the public offices, are competing desperately with man in the domain of art and literature, are becoming editors and reporters of newspapers, are usurping a thousand-and-one occupations that formerly were given over exclusively to man. They are becoming cabdrivers. Four women are seeking the

license of the Prefect of Paris to conduct public vehicles in the street. One of the feminine aspirants is a lady of title, Madame la Comtesse du Pin de La Guévière. The others are of much humbler rank, but they are each and all inspired with the fixed idea of wielding the whip from the box-seat of the hackney carriage. No wonder man trembles. His ancient empire is crumbling to ruins.

The Maltese Home-Rule Agitation.

What may be called a Home-Rule agitation is at present going on in Malta. An impetus has been given to the movement owing to the fact that the Rev. John McNeill, the Scottish Evangelist, has been permitted to hold a mission in the Theatre Royal, Valetta, a building owned by the community. The Maltese considered this a violation of the guarantee given by Great Britain in 1813 that Roman Catholicism should be the established religion of the island, and that no other creeds should be tolerated. A fierce manifesto in the local Press summoned a meeting for Oct. 14, and this was held outside the Porte des Bombes. It was said that 12,000 persons were present, but this was rather an over-statement. The demonstration was very enthusiastic and orderly.



Photo. Knight.

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR PAGET,
Appointed to the Irish Command.

Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, Anarchy in Morocco.

Morocco, seems to have lost the last faint semblance of control over his people. The brigand Raisuli controls the north-west corner of the country, the Rogni is reported to be up in arms on the north-eastern side, while the Sultan sits in his palace at Fez with a disaffected rabble of soldiers, an ever-growing debt for the necessities and luxuries of life, and an empty treasury. To be sure, a small loan has been raised in Europe to settle the more pressing debts of the moment, but these are due to Europeans. For Morocco and the Moors no permanent assistance is forthcoming. The Moors are getting out of hand and are molesting Europeans in the coast towns. The situation is complicated further by the unfortunate fact that France is not prepared at the moment to exercise her privileges under the terms of the Algeiras Conference, and any day may see an outrage that will make European intervention imperative.

The Motor Show at Olympia.

It need hardly be said that the recent Motor Show at Olympia eclipsed its predecessors: it was obvious that, given proper management, it must do so, for as motor-cars, motor-vans, and the like increase in popularity there is a natural increase in the firms devoting themselves to their production, and in the variety in which they are to be found. We have not the space to deal with the exhibits

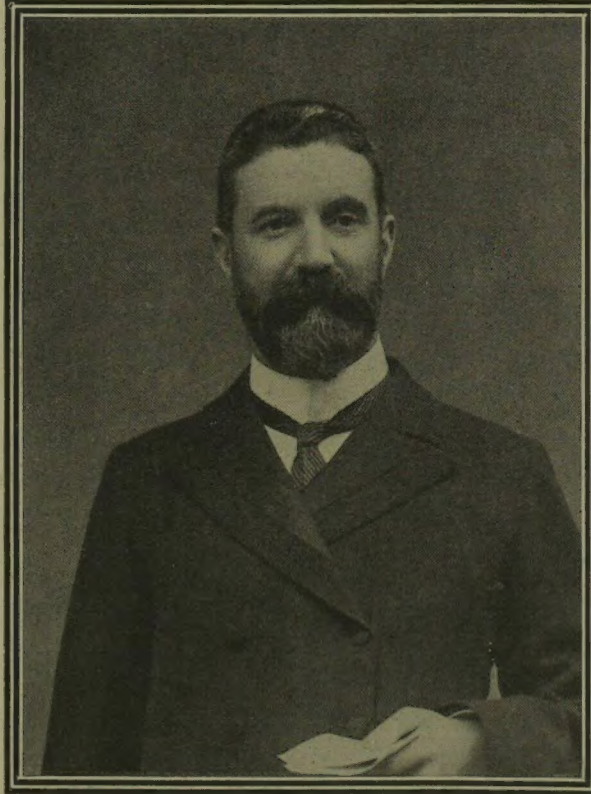


Photo. Topical.

THE HON. ALFRED DEAKIN,
Anti-Socialist Premier of Australian Commonwealth.

in detail. Suffice it to say that practically all the best makers are represented, and by their best work. There was a marked addition to the number of luxurious cars previously shown, and improvements in matters of detail, major and minor, were everywhere in evidence. We illustrate elsewhere the chief points of interest in the Show.

A BABY PRINCE'S FIRST EFFORTS AT HORSEMANSHIP.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

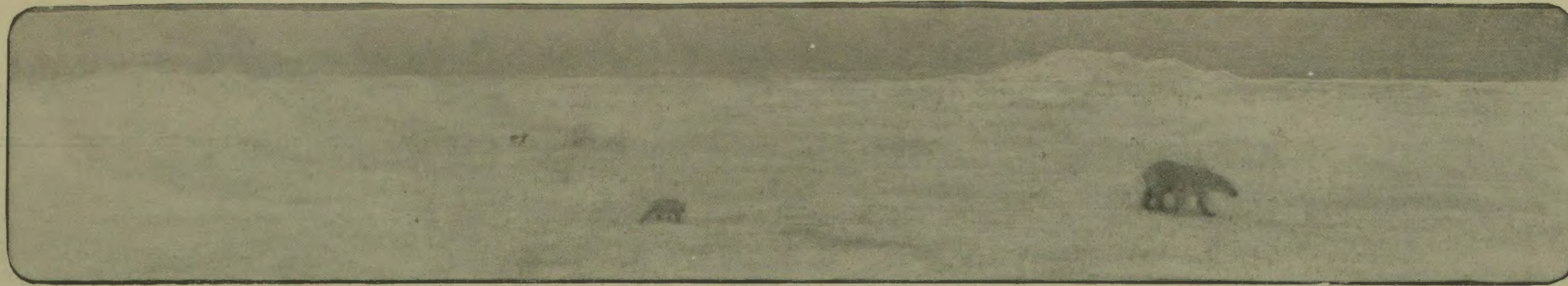


THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF ALLOWED TO HOLD THE REINS.

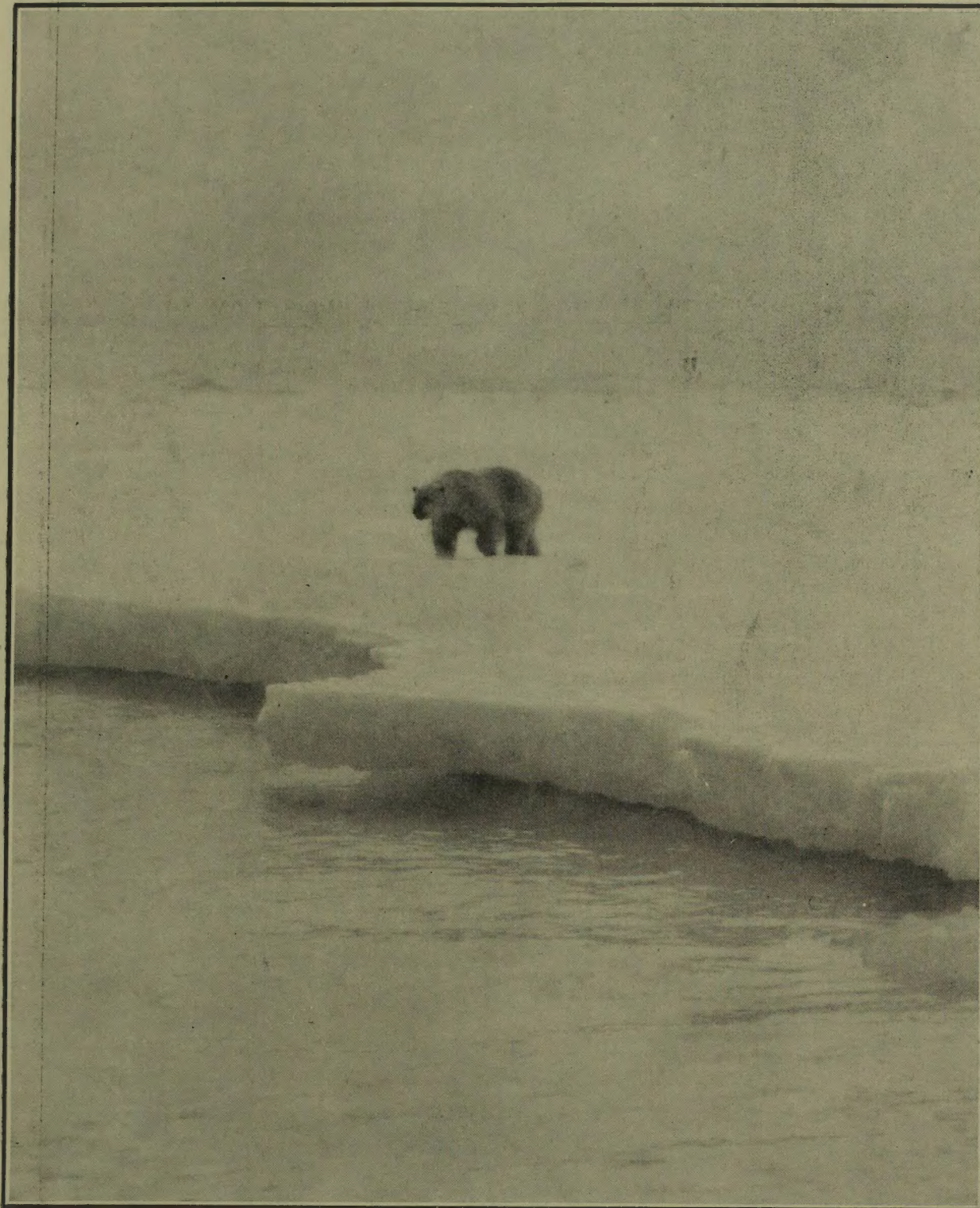
One of Prince Olaf's pleasures at Windsor was a drive in the little carriage with the two tiny ponies presented to the children of Princess Henry of Battenberg by Lord George Sanger. The Crown Prince was allowed to take hold of the reins for a moment or two, but of course the groom never really let them go. The Queen of Spain used to drive these ponies when she was a little girl. They are each forty inches high.

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER: WILD BEARS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

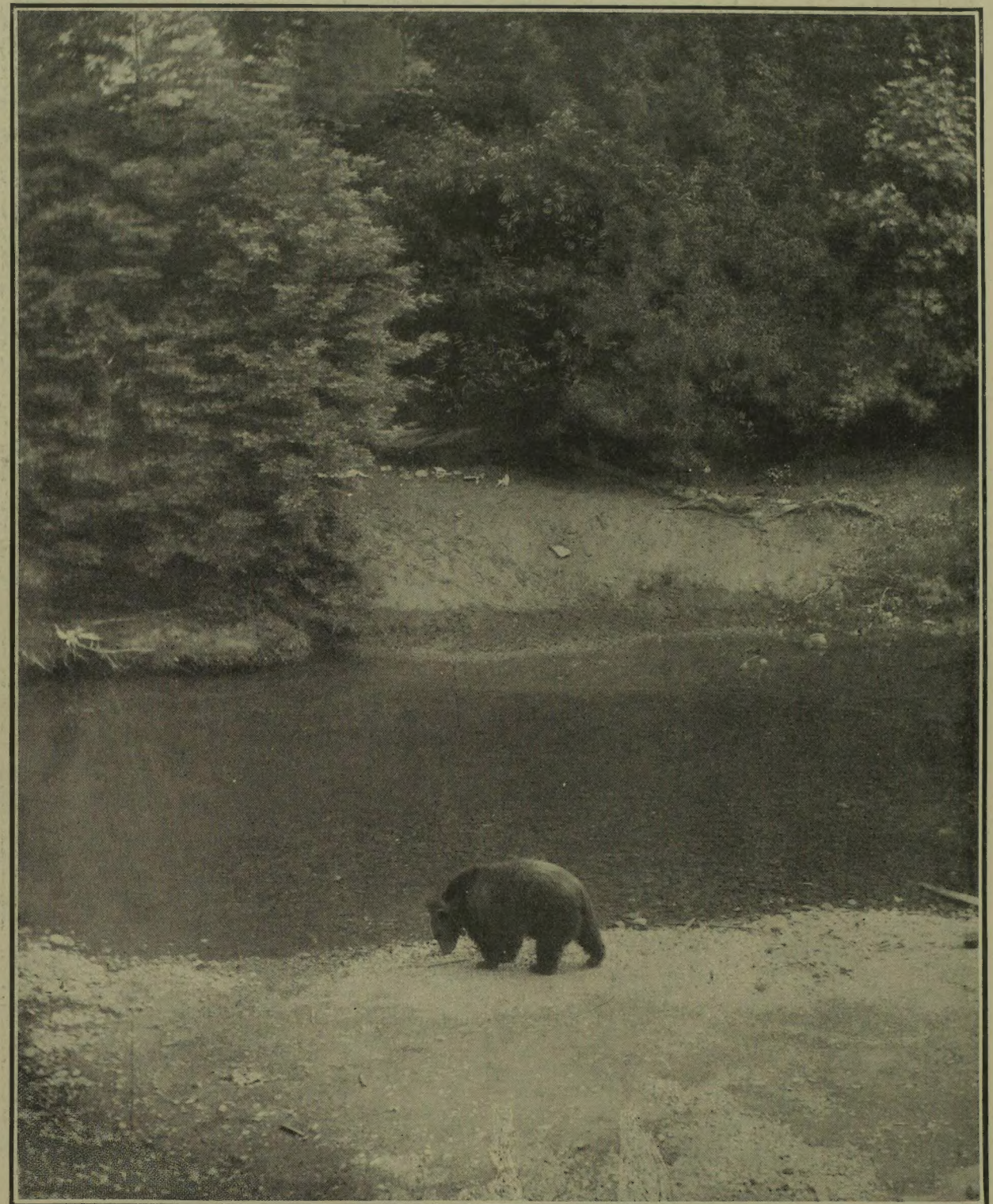
THE
POLAR BEAR
IN HIS
NATIVE WILDS



THE
GRIZZLY BEAR
IN HIS
NATIVE WILDS



ON THE ICE-FLOE: THE POLAR BEAR'S PLAYGROUND.

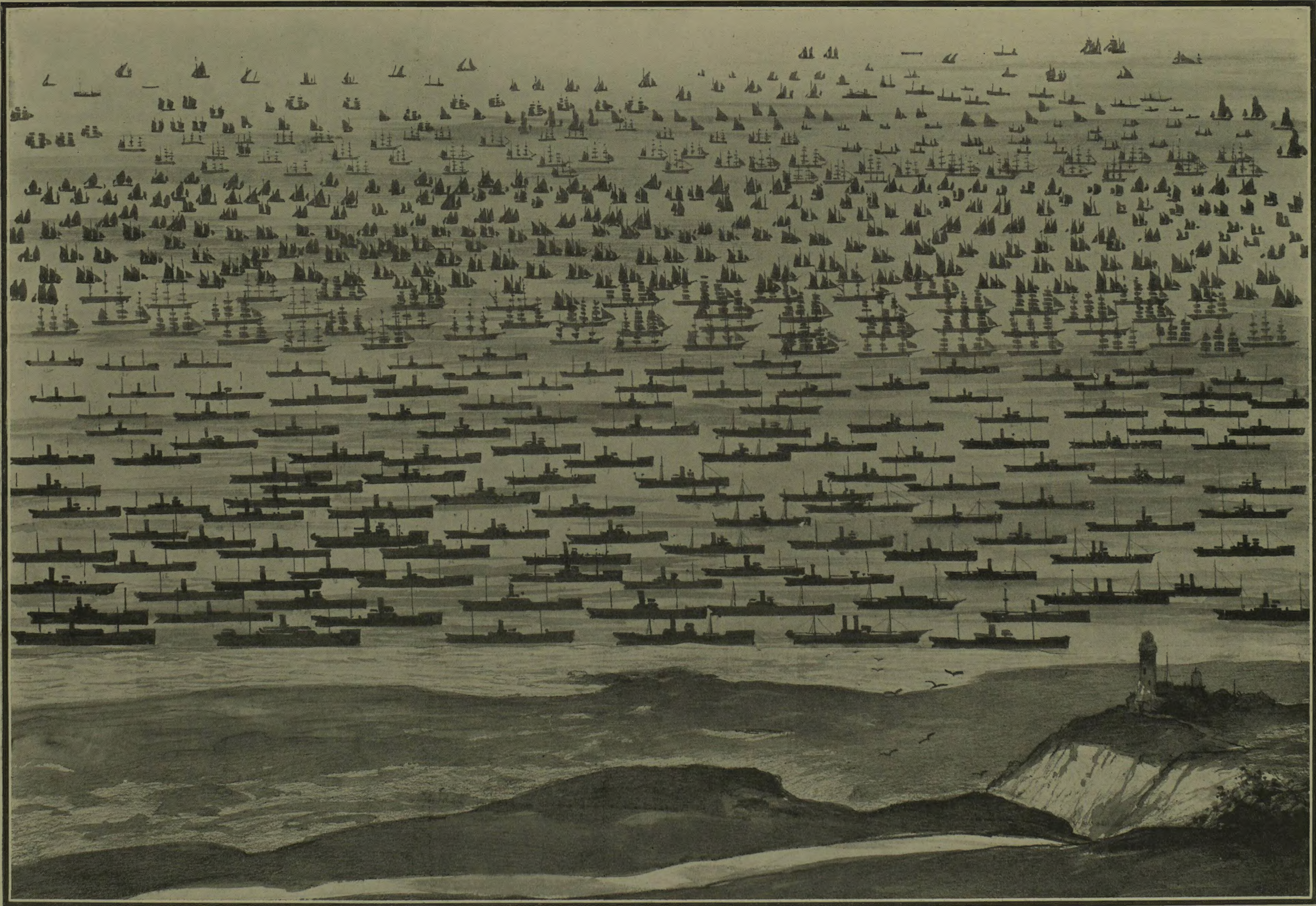


IN THE WOODS: THE GRIZZLY BEAR'S CONSTITUTIONAL IN CALIFORNIA.

Nowadays the camera sees everything and goes everywhere. Even the bear, polar and grizzly, has had to submit to the photographer, on this occasion a Royal Duke, and these photographs are probably the first that have ever been taken of these wild animals in their native haunts. Needless to say they were sublimely unconscious of the honour paid to them. The photograph of the Polar Bear is by the Duc d'Orleans; the Grizzly Bear by Frankl, Berlin.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP: THE EMPIRE'S WRECK AND DEATH ROLL FOR A YEAR.

CHART SPECIALLY COMPILED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 24, 1906.—747

A FLEET OF CASTAWAYS: THE WRECKS OF 1904-5 AT A GLANCE.

IN A RECENT BLUE-BOOK THE WRECKS OF BRITISH VESSELS ARE CLASSIFIED AS FOLLOWS:—

Steam-ships .. 132	Luggers ... 29	Cutters ... 28	Barges ... 3	Steam-tugs ... 6	Galley-punt ... 1	Dhoney ... 2	Dredger ... 1	Fore-and-Aft Yacht 1	Flat ... 1
Sailing-vessels .. 37	Ketches ... 39	Spritsails ... 4	Ferry-barge ... 1	Ferry-bridge ... 1	Dandies ... 3	Jigger ... 1	Dumb Barge ... 1	Fishing-boats ... 2	Muchwa ... 1
Schooners ... 154	Barques ... 41	Brigantines ... 10	Ships ... 14	Yawls ... 10	Keel ... 1	Bugala ... 1	Steam-lighter ... 1	Scow ... 1	Fishing Corrach ... 1
Sloops ... 13	Steam-tractlers ... 25	Brigs ... 4	Steam-launches ... 3	Hooker ... 1	Sailing-boats ... 2	Kotia ... 1	Fore-and-Aft Ships 2	Motor Yachts ... 2	Lifeboat ... 1
Smacks ... 11	Barquentines ... 13	Lugsails ... 8	Steam-yachts ... 2	Rowing-boat ... 1	Torpedo-boat-destroyer 1	Tong Kang ... 1	Sailing Cargo-boat 1	Manji ... 1	Sloop, 1; Dhow, 1... 2

Total of British Ships Lost Throughout the Empire, 633.

Total Number of Deaths, 772—Passengers, 22; Crew, 750.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE phrase "Early Victorian" has certainly become one of good-humoured contempt, nor is the contempt wholly undeserved. Our mothers, or grandmothers, wore their hair in bands which covered the ears, and, on the evidence of a picture by John Leech, were stuffed out with things like the large whiskers which then adorned the faces of our fathers or grandfathers. The existence of crinoline is too well established for denial. But, mark my words, crinoline will come in again!

When we remember that men wore very tall hats, and trousers shaped like peg-tops, that their hair was long without being picturesque—was, in fact, shaggy, and that braces were worn by cricketers, while wooden putters were universally employed, and brasseyes had not been invented, it is natural to think derisively of the Early Victorian epoch.

The Drawing-Room Table was still the altar of literature. New books were displayed thereon in a fan-like pattern, radiating from the centre, and improper novels were tabooed as far as the Drawing-Room Table was concerned. This was very ludicrous! The last Drawing-Room Table ever beheld by me was in the mansion of a Duke. I looked on it

As on some far northern strand
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek,
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Beside some fallen runic stone,

as Matthew Arnold sings.

Men did not tell "smoking-room stories" to ladies in general. A lady, a friend of my own, lent Rossetti's poems (1870) to another lady, who returned it with a countenance of awful severity, saying, "Mrs. Smith, this is an impure book." My own early twitterings (1872) were censured as indecently warm; to be sure, the most flagrant example was a translation from Victor Hugo.

These reminiscences are suggested by an article of Mr. G. S. Street, "The Early Victorians," in *Putnam's Monthly*. He takes some good points in the ludicrous age of our fathers. We "cheered Greeks and Italians," fighting for freedom; we are not so noisy about Russian patriots. Obvious reasons may occur to the reflective mind. We used to be cock-sure and cock-a-hoop about everything, like Macaulay; now, if we are not popular scientists, we are not so confident and cock-sure about anything as Macaulay was about everything. Says Mr. Street, "We look up to the Australians eagerly, hoping that, antiquated as we are, they may think us worth protecting, after all." The Australian Navy would protect us so ably, if we were threatened by a Japanese invasion!

Poor old Early Victorian Age! Yet there were points in its favour. Its soldiers showed rather well in the Sepoy Mutiny, and nobody could complain that the Mutiny was suppressed in kid gloves. The new books on the Drawing-Room Table were those of Tennyson, Browning, Kingsley, Jowett, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Froude, Macaulay, Darwin, and other authors, perhaps as good as our modern masters of song, story, and science.

Mr. Street notices these circumstances and asks, "Where are our philosophers?" Why, they never were so numerous and subtle as they are to-day, and never have men soared higher into remoter and rarer air. They are, in fact, invisible to the public eye, discoursing by the dozen in the pages of *Mind* about topics so excessively abstruse that Plato and Hegel would not dream of understanding them. Metaphysics are only now beginning to be truly metaphysical. Mr. Street says that in the Early Victorian period "there was a great deal of interest in things of genuinely intellectual import," and that now there is little or no interest.

There is no interest, in the general public, but I doubt if there ever was any worth speaking of, while, in the inner circles of learning, "things of intellectual import" are being chiefted into corners so dark, and through labyrinths so complex, that no public, not that of ancient Athens, could feel at home in them. Let us reflect on "free positive electrons," which now engage the mind with a charm unknown to Early Victorian sages. Yet we must not despise them—Mr. Street agrees with me here; we have no right to do so, for late Georgian people of the future will take their revenge on us Edwardians of the prime.

I wonder whether Mr. Street has really gone about looking for our philosophers as carefully as Diogenes looked for an honest man. There are dozens of Pragmatist philosophers: does he know what Pragmatism is, and in what respects it differs from Bradleian Neo-Hegelianism? I know not, but like the boy who told Dr. Johnson that "he would give what he had to know about the Argonauts," I would give what I have (to spare) to know about Pragmatism. But I, and the public, know no more what Pragmatism is, than Sir Walter Scott and his friend, in youth, knew about the Pragmatic Sanction. They were driven from the dinner-table, for their ignorance, by an angry father, and few of us are qualified to sit at feast with the pragmatic philosophers.

Makers of booksellers' catalogues are seldom humourists. An exception is the maker of a catalogue of engraved portraits, which has just reached me. I do not mention the name of the bookseller who sends it out, lest he should take an unfavourable view of the author, perhaps suspecting him of crass ignorance of Scottish history, or, on the other hand, thinking his wit too wanton. The startling entry is "Beaton (David—Cardinal; Archbishop of St. Andrews; one of the most popular preachers of Reformation. 1494-1546). Stipple. By C. Picart. 1818." Next week we shall study this text.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

TRINIDAD.—"Cook's Compendium" or "Chess Openings Ancient and Modern" would probably suit you. Apply to T. M. Brown, Elmwood Lane, Leeds.

F MYERSCOUGH.—No. 10 can be solved by 1. Q to Q 6th (ch) K to Kt 4th, 2. P to Kt 3rd, etc., and No. 12 in two moves by Q to Kt 6th (ch). No. 18 is sound, but rather too easy of solution.

C C H ADAMS (West Malling).—Your problem is correct, but deficient in strategy.

H E KIDSON, H RODNEY, BLACK KNIGHT, G J HICKS, R J BLAND, J M K LUFTON and E J WINTER WOOD.—Your respective problems are accepted for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3260 received from Robert H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.) and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3261 from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), A G Bagot (Dublin), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and James M K Lupton; of No. 3262 from C E Perugini, Stettin, A Nunneley (Barnet), W Bryer (Dartmouth), Spencer D Forbes (H.M.S. *Eclipse*), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), James M K Lupton, C R Jones, Major G O Warren (Paignton), Eugene Henry, Herbert Earle (Liverpool), A G Bagot (Dublin), F E Thornhill, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), T Roberts, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Carl Prentice (Hamburg), W R Coad (Walthamstow), W C D Smith (Northampton), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), J D Tucker (Ilkley), A Nathanson (Hamburg), B Messenger (Bridgend), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

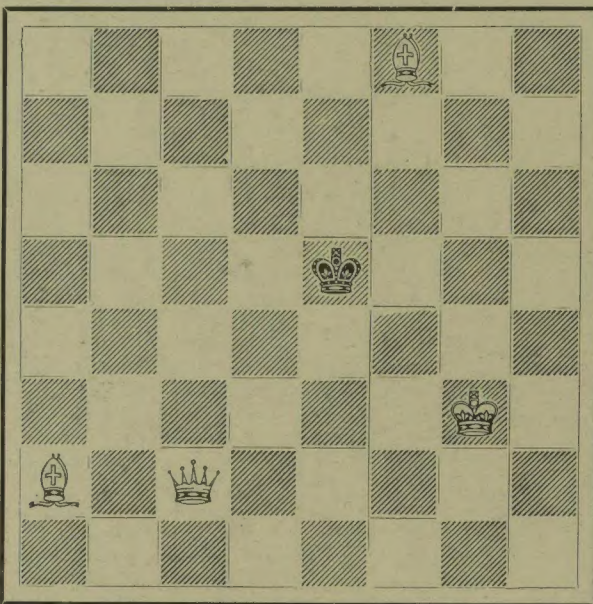
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3263 received from Richard Murphy (Wexford), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), F Waller (Luton), R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, J D Tucker (Ilkley), H Moore (Brighton), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), S J England (South Woodford), Sorrento, E J Winter-Wood, Shadforth, T R Stanley (Manchester), Spencer D Forbes (H.M.S. *Eclipse*), F Henderson (Leeds), Stettin, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), J Hopkinson (Derby), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3262.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K Kt sq. Any move
2. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3265.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Nuremberg between Messrs. SWEDERSKI and BOROWSKY.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	12. Q to B sq.	Kt to K 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	13. R to Q sq	B to K Kt 5th
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P to B 4th	P to Q 5th
4. P takes P			
P to Q 4th ought to be played as soon as possible, but the first player seems to prefer a defensive to an attacking development.			
4. P takes P	P to K 3rd	15. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th
5. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q R 4th	16. P takes P	P takes Kt
6. B to K 2nd	B takes P	17. B to Q 3rd	B takes Kt
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	18. P takes B	Q to Kt 4th (ch)
8. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	19. K to B sq	Q to B 5th
9. Kt to Q Kt 5th		Excellent play. The sacrifice secures an overwhelming combination of Queen and Pawns, which speedily terminates in victory.	
Quite a useless demonstration, and altogether out of keeping with the lines White has laid out for himself. The Knight will be wanted presently nearer home.			
9. Q to K 2nd		20. P takes Kt	P takes P
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to Q sq	21. Q to Q 2nd	P to K 6th
11. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 4th	22. Q to K sq	Q takes P
		23. B to K 4th	R to K B sq
		White resigns.	

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Milwaukee Chess Club between Two AMATEURS.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. K to R sq	Q to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Kt to B 6th	Q Kt to K 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. R to K Kt sq	
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	20. R to K Kt sq	
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. Castles	P takes P	21. Kt takes R	R to K Kt sq
8. P to K 5th		22. R takes P	K takes Kt
A move not favoured by the analysts, and in conjunction with the following play on both sides, is expressly stated to be to Black's advantage.			
8. Q to Kt 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	23. R to K Kt 5th	Kt takes R
9. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	24. R takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3rd
But he does not profit by his opportunity. Either Kt to Kt 3rd or B takes Kt are preferable to the weak reply now made.			
11. R to Q sq	B to K Kt 5th	25. Q takes P	Q to K B sq
12. P takes P	P takes P	26. P to K R 4th	R to K sq
13. Kt to K 4th	B takes Kt	27. P to R 5th	R to K 3rd
Presumably offering, should 14. R takes P, to exchange Queen for three pieces.			
14. P takes B	B to B 2nd	28. B takes R	P takes B
15. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 4th	29. K to Kt sq	Q takes P (ch)
16. R to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd	30. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 8th (ch)
17. K to R sq		31. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 4th (ch)
The wisdom of White's 14th move now appears. The command of the Knight's file by the Rook proves of the utmost service.			
		32. K to Kt 3rd	Resigns

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE ENVIRONMENTS OF THOUGHT.

NO study more directly appeals to all that is best and earnest in the spirit of research than that which concerns the ways and works of the nervous system. The difficulties which environ the subject do not lessen the fascination wherewith we regard the pursuit of the knowledge that enables us to understand in some degree the means which not only control our destinies, but which also place us in relationship with the world in which we live. For it is the true function of brain and nerve to exercise the duty of "relation." Through them we "relate" ourselves to our surroundings, and from the information supplied, are able to guide ourselves adequately and safely in all our wanderings and affairs. When the nervous apparatus is upset or damaged, and when the finger of disease writes its dire history on our brain-cells, we lapse from our normal standard of relationship to the world, we fall out of touch and harmony with our environment, and cross the borderland—often dimly enough outlined—which divides sane life from the insane and irresponsible existence.

Even a quarter of a century has added immensely to the store of our knowledge regarding the constitution and functions of the brain. To-day the scientist is able not merely to show us the parts of the brain which are affected by disease; he goes much deeper in his researches, and can place under his microscope the brain-cells whose written troubles have caused the departure from the normal way of life. Infinitesimally minute are these brain-cells, but science has been able to search them out, and to stain them that they may be easily seen and their connections duly determined. This is the pathological work which day by day goes on in asylums, the sum-total of the knowledge so acquired placing within the grasp of the physician a clear understanding of the intimate causes of many brain troubles. Brain-cells, of course, are not of equal value. Some constitute the very Cabinet of the bodily Parliament, and are the ultimate Court of Appeal in all matters in which we exercise our judgment, skill, and intelligence. Others are saddled with less responsible office. They may order about our muscles, or they may receive the messages which the senses transmit; but over all are the cells which compose the intellectual areas of the brain—areas, these, which have their seat in its frontal lobes.

Thus it comes about that our bodily Parliament has its Cabinet, its ordinary members, and its executive units, and the recognition of the principle of this division of labour represented among brain-cells, has materially aided our comprehension of the manner in which our wonderful governing body contrives to supervise the manifold interests of our existence. Beyond these material facts of brain-constitution and the recognition of brain-cells as the instruments of our bodily control, are questions which lead into regions still lying in an obscure gloom. For example, there is the great problem of "thought," its nature and its relationship to the cells that undoubtedly are its instruments. Then there is the other problem of the transformation of "thought" into energy, a process which more than one scientist, not appalled by ordinary difficulties, has declared "unthinkable." "What is thought?" is a parallel question to that which asks "What is life?" and to both inquiries, no definite reply, or one such as settles the limits of the subject, or even defines them, can be given. Of theories there is no lack, but it is hardly necessary to point out that a theory is only a guide to the truth; but, in fact, we have not sufficient data at our command for the construction of an adequate hypothesis at all.

"Thought" may be declared to be the play on the brain-cells of some mystical entity—call it "mind" or what we will—the existence of which no man can demonstrate. It may be held, on the other hand, to represent the stirrage of the molecules of our brain-cells—a view equally hypothetical, and one which regards thought as a purely material outcome of a purely physical change in the cells. There is no certainty here; not even the prospect of an approach within reasonable distance of the greatest problem in all vitality save that of the nature of life itself. Each of us chooses the view which best accords with our opinions, not of man's constitution alone, but of his relations to the universe, and to the powers we may conceive responsible for the origin of all things. So there is no finality possible, but the problem loses none of its fascination for the philosopher on account of its complexity.

Something is always gained, however, if our difficulties are plainly recognised. Take a simple action, as an example of the complexities of the "thought" question. I wish to touch my table. The action begins with the conception or idea that I wish so to exercise my touch-sense. This thought must be converted into a form of energy—call it nerve-force—which flashes from my brain along nerve-fibres, passes down the spinal cord, branches off at the nerves leading to my arm, and so brings the finger in contact with the table. Again, a return (or reflex) message must be sent from the finger to the brain informing me of the performance of the action.

Now, is "thought" connected with or can it be transformed into another kind of energy, "nerve-force," so that it may be carried by nerves to the parts of the body destined to be brought into play? Or is it "thought" equally in the brain-cell and in the nerve? How, in the first event, is "thought" transformed into nerve-force? and what process can we conceive as likely to represent the transmutation of "thought"—the phase of brain-cell work—into the material disturbance that issues forth into the telegraph-fibres of our body, and calls our muscles and other organs into action? In such a simple problem we discern the difficulties of complex ones, and there is no light yet to be thrown on the exact nature of our most common acts. Wise is he, in such a strait, who can say, "I do not know," and who reverently bows his head before a mystery he can neither analyse nor comprehend.

ANDREW WILSON.

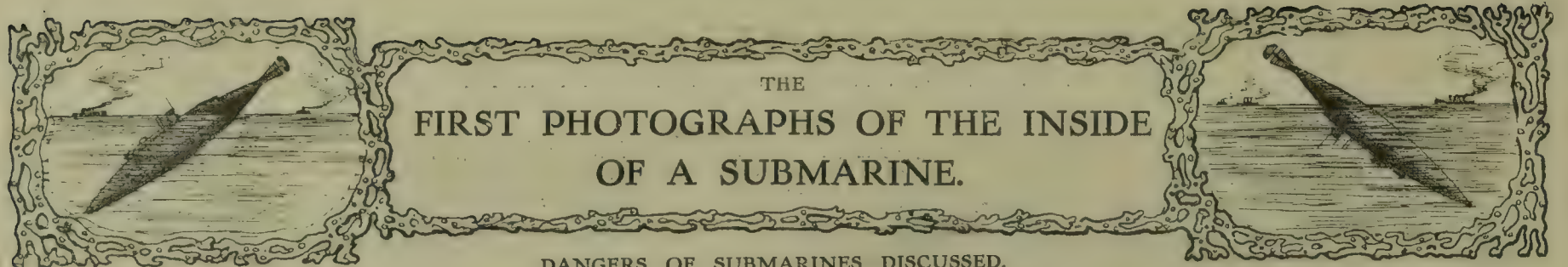
THE INTELLIGENT TURKISH OFFICIAL: HIS LITERARY SUSPICIONS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ALBANIA.



SUSPICIOUS DOCUMENTS: A BRITISH TRAVELLER'S INNOCENT BAGGAGE DETAINED AT AN ALBANIAN POLICE POST.

This amusing incident came under the notice of our Artist during his recent journey. An innocent British traveller's baggage was minutely examined, and his newspaper and novels, perused upside down by the officials, were regarded with the deepest suspicion. At length, after much wearisome delay, the traveller was allowed to proceed.



DANGERS OF SUBMARINES DISCUSSED.

ALL modern submarines when under way submerged are lighter than the water they displace—that is, their tendency always is to return to the surface, so that in case of a failure of the diving apparatus, the mere stopping of the propellers will bring them up. Under normal conditions, then, with the hull intact, they cannot sink, except by expenditure of power through the propeller. This buoyancy, however, is very small, being only about 800 lb. in a vessel of 200 tons' displacement. Therefore, if the weight is in any way increased, sinking can only be prevented by rapidly adding additional buoyancy. The principal method of securing this additional buoyancy is the rapid ejection of the water from the ballast-tanks, for which purpose three systems are fitted: air, power-pumps, and hand-pumps. Of these, the air system is not only the quickest, but the most reliable and the least likely of disarrangement by the inflowing water. Therefore, the pumps are regarded as accessories, and the main reliance is placed on the air system, which, in the best practice, is so arranged as to be efficient at a depth of over 200 feet. Another method sometimes used consists of fitting a drop weight, generally in the form of a loose keel, which may be released at will. Its advantages are that the buoyancy so obtained can be secured very quickly, and that it is entirely independent of depth. Its disadvantages are as follows:

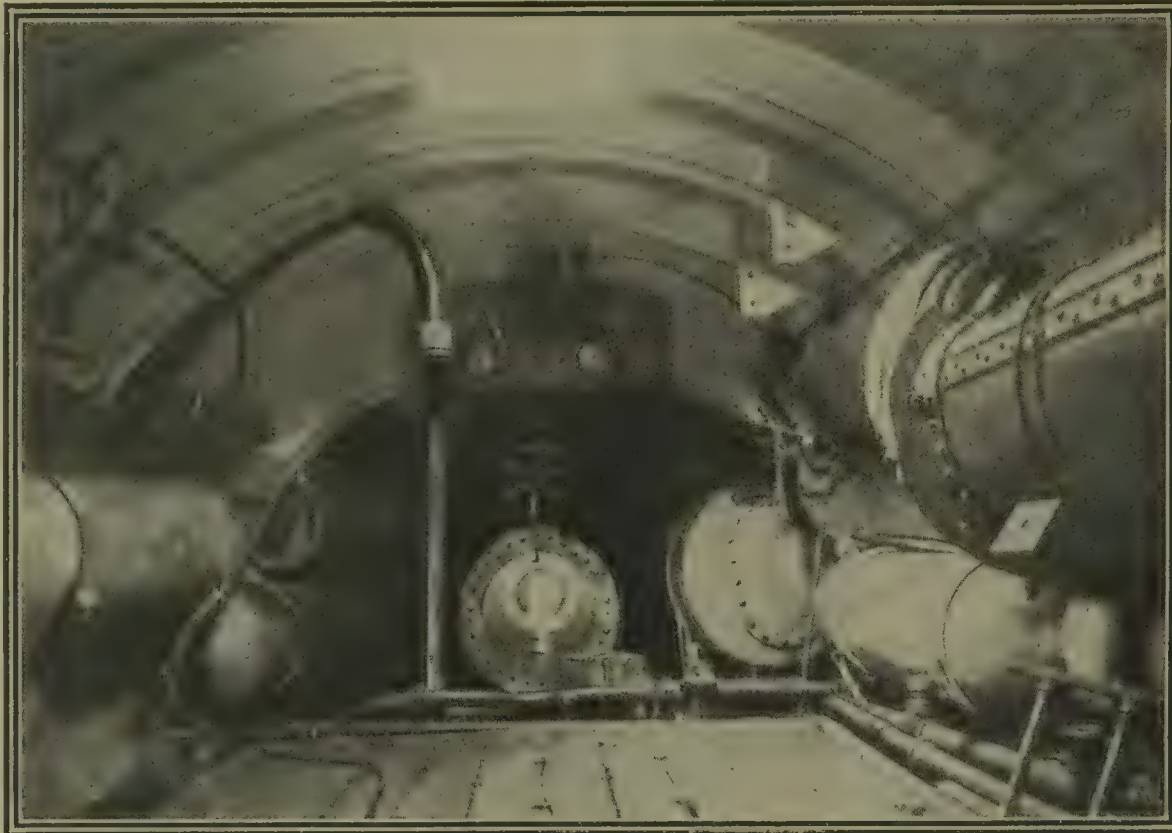
First, it is impracticable to test it every day, since if it be dropped it is lost, unless buoyed, and in any case the vessel must go in dock to have it refitted. In the absence of frequent tests, failure of operation in emergencies is possible. Second, if sufficient weight is allowed to be of any material importance, the vessel ceases to be a submarine as soon as it is dropped, as it cannot again submerge after remedying the difficulty. Third, the weight cannot be very great without detracting from other vital features. These disadvantages have prevented its universal use. These

means have under some circumstances proven adequate and under others inadequate. In any case, it may be safely said that the admission of water into the interior constitutes the only real and serious danger to a submarine, with one possible exception. It is conceivable

partially filled and sank. The disaster was due to carelessness and an ill-designed hatch. *A 8*, the English boat, was driven under with an open hatch. This also was an accident due to carelessness. The conning-tower of the English boat *A 1* was struck by a passing steamer. Had the crew not been stunned she might have been raised in time by emptying the ballast-tanks, but this disaster must be classed under pure accidents. Of the *Lutin* very little can be said. All her drop-weights were found in position except one—a sufficient exposure of the uselessness of this precaution.

Summing up, then, we may legitimately say that one of the accidents occurred from causes as yet not clearly understood, and that the other four were due to causes in no way inherent in submarine boats. And further, that three out of these four accidents never should have happened at all to the boats in question, and that the fourth accident arose from collision, a real danger to which all submarines are subject. It would, however, be far from the truth to assume that such a collision inevitably involves grave results to the submarine, for there are at least eight authentic cases known to the writer where a submarine has been in collision without any material damage, and these cases should be set against the one case of the *A 1*. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the com-

manding officer to exercise the greatest caution in this one respect, and if he be determined to avoid collision, as he should be, the chances of doing so should be excellent, as he can move his craft not only horizontally, but vertically. The particular thing to be avoided is a breach in the upper part of the hull of the submarine, for if the breach occur lower down, the water may be kept at the level of the hole by admitting compressed air to the body of the boat, and with the freedom of action thus given the crew, their chances would be much improved.



LOOKING FORWARD INTO THE SUBMARINE'S TORPEDO-TUBE.

On the right and left are the air-tanks and the flasks holding the compressed air for firing the torpedoes.

that the whole crew through some abnormal cause might simultaneously be rendered unconscious or otherwise incapable of action.

All of the real dangers under consideration are included in the above summary, and space forbids any long discussion of imaginary dangers. It is sufficient to state here that years of practical experience and thousands upon thousands of submerged runs made all over the world, under all conditions of weather and sea, have conclusively demonstrated that all the problems in connection with the normal control of the boat have

been generally solved. The danger, therefore, of uncontrolled dives reaching enormous or fatal depths is in fact imaginary. Fears have sometimes been expressed that operation in shallow water is dangerous on account of the likelihood of grounding and knocking a hole in the bottom of a submarine; but since she weighs less than nothing when submerged, no great cushioning effect can be produced by striking the bottom. This has been demonstrated in practice a great many times and is not open to dispute. However, the case does not rest there, for, assuming the bottom could be ruptured, it is unlikely that any serious results would occur, since tanks already filled with water extend the greater part of the length, and a rupture of the outer skin would merely serve to transfer pressure to the inner skin. No water would be admitted to the interior of the boat, nor would the weight of the boat change at all.

Having thus outlined the general condition, let us examine the unfortunate accidents of recent years. The list covers the English boats *A 1* and *A 8*, the French boats *Farfadet* and *Lutin*, and the Russian boat *Delphin*, all of which have been sunk in recent years with serious loss of life. In the case of the *Delphin*, an unusual number of men were in the boat, and the ballast-tanks were flooded when the hatch was opened. Naturally, the boat filled through the hatch and sank. The accident was due to sheer carelessness and to no defect in the boat. The case of the *Farfadet* was similar. The crew, attempting to close a leaking hatch, opened it, and the vessel



HOW A SUBMARINE FINDS ITS DEPTH AND DEFLECTION: THE INDICATOR.

The dial on the indicator lets the crew of the submarine know how far they have descended and the deflection of the vessel from the horizontal.



A SUBMARINE'S DANGER-SIGNAL: MEANS OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE SURFACE.

The hollow ball, automatically released, floats to the surface and permits of communication, telephonic and otherwise, with the submerged vessel.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN INSIDE A SUBMARINE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

OVERHEAD is the commanding officer's platform, and the steering-wheel. To the right is the inside tiller-wheel and below it the driving-wheel to deflect the rudders. In the middle background is the flywheel, and behind it are the submarine's engines. On the left is the indicator which shows the depth beneath the surface and the vessel's deflection from the horizontal. The question



of escape from sunken submarines is seriously engaging the attention of engineers, and also that of communication with the surface. The presence of a disabled boat can be revealed by the detachable buoy connected with the vessel by a reel of wire. It also establishes telephone connection. This apparatus is now being fitted to the U.S. submarine *Plunger*.

VIEW INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, LOOKING AFT.

AUTHORS AND CRITICS.

THERE is undoubtedly much material for romance in the early history of California—we mean in the remote times before the Forty-Niners brought Bret Harte “a subject made to his hand”—but “Rezánov” (John Murray) scarcely proves that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has hit upon a happy way of using it. She has gone back to 1806, when an ambitious Russian envoy and explorer sailed into the Straits of San Francisco with visions of wider empire and expansion in his busy brain, and with an ample cunning to pit against the Spanish conservatism. This was Rezánov, plenipotentiary of the Russo-American Company and the Imperial inspector of the American dominions of the Tsar, a man who saw at a glance all the great possibilities of a colony so indifferently exploited by the Spaniards. He cuts a notable figure in the present version of his adventures, which have been trimmed to the fashion of a novel. So far as the first part of the narrative goes, the material fits its uses well enough, for the Russian fell a victim to the charms of a spirited Californian beauty, and his wooing was conducted with a fine impetuosity. By all the rules of fiction, he should have married the splendid Concha, and lived to make her a Viceroy's wife. As a matter of dreary fact, he died, miserably enough, in Siberia on his return journey to Russia, and there ended the Russian chance of winning California. His life-story would have been better told if Mrs. Atherton had not tried to adjust it to the form of a six-shilling novel, for which its ineffective end disqualifies it.

In that clever, but haphazard novel, “Whom God Hath Joined” (David Nutt), Mr. Arnold Bennett denounces the British newspaper for detailing Divorce-Court cases. Unfortunately, he sets a bad example, for the two divorces of his story are described with quite as daring detail as he would condemn. One of his heroes is divorced, the other escapes by a half-hair's-breath, and both continue their old selfish lives. The ending is not happy nor unhappy; it just leaves off—this being the modern fashion. There is, however, an art in “leaving off,” an art which Arnold Bennett has not mastered. The impetuous heroine, Annunciata, is introduced in the last chapter as a nurse in the house of one of the heroes, a hero who before his divorce had a half-confessed affection for her. This, one might think, would lead up to the usual happy ending. But Arnold Bennett scorns the banal and leaves them separate. Such an episode might be made convincing, but here it is all too abrupt. The impression that one gets is merely that of the old refrain, “What's the good of anything? Why, nothing.” No one can deny the brilliance, the ever-ready humour, the microscopic insight, the legal erudition of this tale. The only pity is that these virtues are so facile. The story startles for a moment, pleases on the whole, and then is mistily remembered—the usual record of so many a six-shillings.

Every novelist should study psychology and psychomachy, but none should permit the study to come between a reader and the book. In “Lawful Issue” (Nash) Mr. James Blyth, who has been very successful in dealing with East Anglian farm life, seems from time to time to forget that a novel should tell a story, and that the psychological developments may be left to the attention of the reader. His folks are real men and women; they move through the pages intelligently, and with a certain freedom of action and thought that makes for a good story; but the author will intrude and protest that they are no more than puppets after all. He comes on to the stage and seeks to explain that Joseph and Lily Tyler are behaving after their own fashion because of certain laws that govern their minds, and this insistence upon motives becomes tiresome. Sometimes the author intervenes, without any apology; sometimes he deposes one Rupert Claybrooke to take up the thread of the story, until in the end one is faced with the conviction that Mr. Blyth has found good material for a novel, and has handled it to the worst advantage. One or two striking scenes make their mark, and detach themselves from the book, others fail because the author will not leave his men and women to work out their destinies in peace. His intrusions suggest that he has but the smallest respect for the intelligence of the average novel reader. For anything we know to the contrary, he may be justified of the lack of faith that is in him, but by expressing it so frequently he has spoilt a good story. The direct simplicity of his earlier writing showed Mr. Blyth at his best.

“Untravelled England” is the title of a book written by Mr. James John Hissey and published by Macmillan. The author records his impressions of a holiday tour through little-known parts of Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Worcestershire, and other counties. It is no bad idea, in these days when Britons travel to the far ends of the earth for the making of books, to remember that when their journeys are ended they will have seen nothing more beautiful than rural England at its best. Mr. Hissey is to be congratulated upon the thought that led to the making of his book, but we cannot say that he has done justice to his subject. The English countryside demands a poet, or an essayist who can give us prose-poems of the kind we got from William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. We who love the English lanes and byways are perhaps a little jealous: we demand that those who would write of them must have felt their most intimate appeal and must express it in choice words. Without the spirit the letter is of no avail. Mr. Hissey writes pleasantly enough, though he draws liberal draughts of inspiration from guide-books; he is intelligent and observant, but the spirit of rural England eludes him successfully throughout the four or five hundred pages of his book. Perhaps his motor-car

frightened it. The country lanes could not yield their old-time secret to this up-to-date traveller; the whitened hedgerows saw no more than another destroyer of their pristine beauty. Let Mr. Hissey travel afoot, staff in hand and carrying nothing more than change of clothes in a pack over his shoulder. Then, if he will be content to fare in simplest fashion, to rise with the lark and retire at nightfall, he may yet give us the book that he desires to write and we to read.

Translator and publisher are both to be congratulated on presenting to the English reading public a fine and dignified record of one of the most charming and fascinating feminine personalities the world has ever known. Madame Récamier remains, even to those who have made an exhaustive study of her elusive personality, something of an enigma. Of course, Sainte-Beuve has left of her an imperishable picture; but not till the publication of the two volumes before us has there been any serious attempt made to reconstitute the woman who was the friend of so many famous men and the lover of none. Indeed, the most interesting, and in some ways the most mysterious, thing about Juliette Récamier was her power of turning those who would fain have stood to her in a more ardent relation into life-long intimates. This was the more remarkable when it is remembered that she was at the zenith of her triumph through the lawless latter days of the French Revolution, and during the Consulate and the First Empire. At the head of the long list of those famous men who were at one time or other strongly attracted by the lovely and witty wife of the elderly banker who was known—and such things are always known—to stand to her in a purely paternal relation, was the great Napoleon himself, and in her dealings with him she showed extraordinary tact and good feeling. Then came the turn of his brother, Lucien Bonaparte, who did his best to make her ridiculous by publishing a series of anonymous love-letters, entitled “From Romeo

A TRAGEDY WITHOUT WITNESSES.

BY W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Etc.

KIPLING'S vivid description of the “mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent, alone”—raises at least one interesting question. Is he right in assuming, as he appears to do, that these animals were of solitary habits? If so, they contrast strongly with their modern relatives, the elephants of Asia and Africa, which love to roam in great herds: though solitary bulls are occasionally met with, soured in temper by their isolation. But the elephant, like other gregarious creatures, prefers to meet the “king of terrors” in the wilderness: and in this the now extinct mammoth showed a like sentiment. Living as the mammoth did, where the climate demanded an overcoat, at least during the greater part of the year, he differed from his Indian relative of to-day in having a covering of long, coarse hair. And this we know, because during the last two centuries several more or less complete bodies have been discovered in that country of forlorn hopes, Siberia, in a frozen state, and so perfectly preserved that the flesh has been sufficiently palatable, when thawed out, to suit the taste of prowling wolves.

The last discovery of this kind was one of more than ordinary interest, revealing as it did a quite dramatic death-scene. The facts of the case are, briefly, as follows. Owing to a landslide at Kolyma, on the banks of the Kolyma, a river of North-East Siberia, a head of one of these old-time giants became exposed, and appears to have been so perfectly preserved that even the fleshy trunk remained; one tusk, however, was broken. The news of the find soon spread. Famished wolves seem to have been the first to get wind of the matter, and half-starved natives speedily followed, making immediate use of their discovery by removing the remaining perfect tusk, which was probably soon exchanged for cash or its equivalent. Then the authorities at St. Petersburg heard of the find, and at once dispatched Dr. Otto Herz to the scene, with instructions to rescue what remained. The work of excavation brought with it many surprises, for it was found that the wretched animal had met its death by falling into a crevasse, and had died as a consequence of its struggles to clamber out. This was evident because the hinder part of the body was still in the hole, while the fore-feet were resting, one on each side of the head, on the solid ground. So violent were its efforts to regain freedom that it burst a blood-vessel, and so succumbed; at least, there seems to be no other explanation for its awkward position, and the fact that the chest was found filled with frozen blood. In the stomach was a mass of coarse grass, and a mouthful of this was found fixed between the great grinders. In the severity of the struggle it would seem the bone of the right upper arm and one of the tusks were broken, and in its fight for breath, at the last, the tongue seems to have been protruded, for this was found hanging out of the mouth.

The finding of the grass is a point of some interest, since it shows that the food of these animals was, at any rate, not always small branches and brushwood, as has hitherto been supposed.

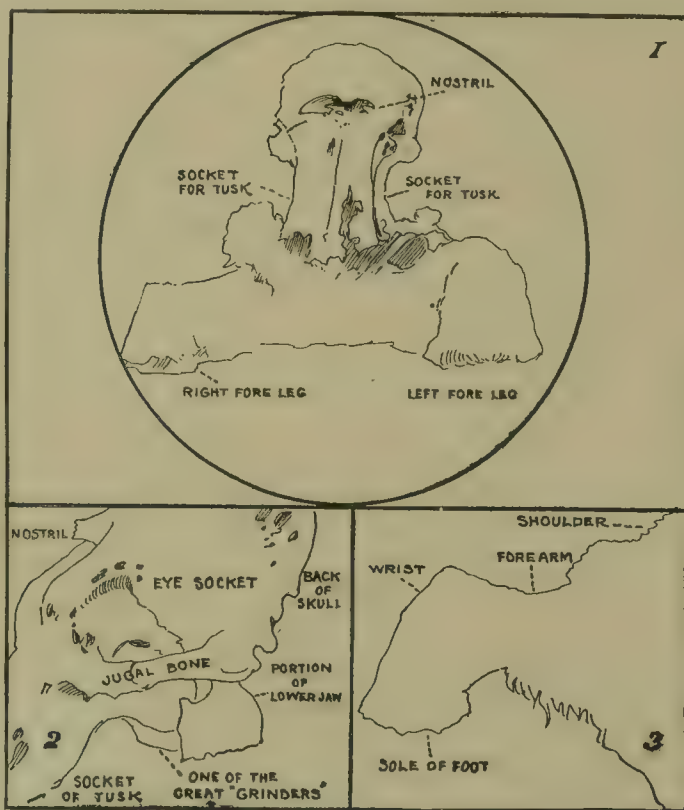
Enormous difficulties were experienced in preventing the putrefaction of the body, which set in as soon as its winding-sheet of earth was removed. Thanks, however, to the labours of Dr. Herz, this difficulty was overcome, and the skin has been successfully stuffed, the head being restored. It has been mounted in the position in which it was found, and will probably long remain the chief glory of the museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. The skeleton—that of a young bull, by the way—has been mounted separately.

The hairy covering of the body of the mammoth calls for some comment, inasmuch as it would seem the earlier elephants were normally hairy, and this because newly born elephants of both Indian and African species are thickly covered with hair, as may be seen from a mounted specimen in the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. This hair, moreover, is lost very slowly, a fact which can be verified by an inspection of the young Indian elephant lately presented by the Prince of Wales to the Gardens of the Zoological Society.

The first of these ice-preserved carcasses was discovered some 200 years ago, near the Lena, and seemed to have taken a long while to thaw, inasmuch as we are told the dogs fed upon its flesh in summer, while bears and wolves feasted thereon in winter; and probably even the bones would have disappeared had they not been rescued by an Englishman—a Mr. Adams, who happened to hear of the matter. This feast becomes the more wonderful when we reflect that it was furnished by a carcass which was anything between 10,000 to 50,000 years old! After this, last season's frozen partridges may be sold as fresh!

As to the size of the mammoth. It is popularly supposed that this beast far exceeded the living African and Indian elephants in size; but this is not really true, inasmuch as, though exceptionally fine mammoths attained a height of between thirteen and fourteen feet, the average height appears to have been between nine and ten feet, which is commonly attained by the Indian elephant of to-day; exceptional specimens may measure eleven.

Time was when the mammoth roamed over these islands, and many of the great grinders, as well as limb bones thereof have been found during excavations in London. When the last mammoth lay down to die on British soil we have no means of telling, but they certainly lived on long after the advent of man, and this we know by the fact that rude but often spirited engravings on ivory have been found in caves in France, the work of prehistoric man. Many an exciting hunt, often with a fatal termination to the hunter, has doubtless taken place in the region where Fleet Street now stands.



THE FINDING OF THE MAMMOTH: KEY TO THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE NEXT PAGE.

[See “A TRAGEDY WITHOUT WITNESSES.”]

to Juliet.” Yet another fervent admirer, who had in the past rendered great services to Madame Récamier's father, was Bernadotte. A shrewd critic observed of Juliette Récamier that she had missed the two things which embellish a woman's life—that is, an ordinary domestic happiness, and the experience of a great passion. Be that as it may, she seems on the whole to have led a contented life, equally admired by both sexes—for among her feminine intimates were Madame de Stael and Napoleon's step-daughter, Hortense. The great romance of her life, for so it may be called, was Madame Récamier's long friendship with Chateaubriand. With him she seems to have had something tantamount to a real love affair, and that although Chateaubriand was himself a married man. Indeed, it is said that it was to escape the promptings of her heart that she went into exile for two years in Italy. After her return to France, Chateaubriand, as all the world knows, consented to accept the rôle of platonic friend; but it is significant that after the death of his wife he begged Madame Récamier to marry him; more, she seems to have considered the matter quite seriously; but she made up her mind that such an alliance would expose both Chateaubriand and herself to ridicule, for at the time that she received the offer she was just seventy, and she had, of course, been a widow many, many years. The death of Chateaubriand in 1848 was followed within a year by that of the charmer whom he had loved with so heartfelt a devotion. Certainly no Frenchwoman ever received more touching and respectful tributes from her contemporaries, and these two volumes on Madame Récamier (Heinemann), written by M. E. Herriot, and admirably translated by Alys Hallard, tell us why. They give far more than an account of Madame Récamier, for they also convey a panoramic view of a society which was full of noteworthy elements and combinations, and of which our world will never see the like again.

FINDING A WHOLE MAMMOTH: PRESERVED BY SIBERIAN FROST.

SEE ARTICLE, "A TRAGEDY WITHOUT WITNESSES,"—PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR OTTO HERZ.



1. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE CARCASE OF THE FAMOUS KOLYMSK MAMMOTH, DUG OUT FROM THE FROZEN EARTH ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER KOLYMA, YAKUTSK, SIBERIA.

The most prominent part exposed is the front of the skull, which was stripped of the flesh by wolves. The horizontal aperture is the nostril. On either side are the fore legs.

2. A SIDE VIEW OF THE SKULL.

The dark cavity is the eye-socket. Below it horizontally is the jugal bone, below that is a portion of the lower jaw, and to the left is one of the great grinders. The dark cavity at the left hand corner is the socket of the tusk.

3. THE LEFT FORE FOOT RESTING ON THE EDGE OF THE HOLE.

The lower line is the sole of the foot. The top of the curve is the wrist, the depression the fore arm, and the further rise the shoulder. The osteology of the remains is explained in the diagrams on the opposite page.

These photographs of the Mammoth are now at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and are reproduced by permission of the Curator.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF NORWAY AND ITS IDOLISED HEIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KING HAAKON, QUEEN MAUD, AND THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF.

Popular as the King and Queen of Norway are in this country, their little son has at least as warm a place in the nation's regard. He has been taken everywhere that it was possible for a small boy to go, and one influential newspaper has gone so far as to regret the rule which prevented restless little boys from being taken to the Guildhall Banquet. There is no doubt as to the Crown Prince's decorum, but he would likely have found the function tedious.

THE WORK OF THE MOST FAMOUS FRENCH ETCHER.—No. VI.

ETCHING BY PAUL HELLEU.



MADemoiselle M.

Continuing, in response to many requests, our wonderfully successful series of M. Paul Helleu's etchings, of which "The Illustrated London News" has obtained the British serial rights, we give this week another of the artist's charming studies of beautiful women

THE BOMB OUTRAGE IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIGH MASS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 24, 1906.—756

x Approximate position of bomb.

SUPERB CEREMONIAL: THE CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

At one o'clock on November 18, while High Mass was just concluding in St. Peter's, a bomb exploded close to Canova's famous monument to Pope Clement XIII. For a time wild panic reigned, but fortunately, owing to the size of the building, there was no loss of life. The bomb seems to have been of the ordinary Anarchist kind, and was filled with nails. Canova's statue was blackened, but not otherwise injured.

FASHION AT OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW: AN EASTERN POTENTATE'S LUXURIOUS CAR.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

CHURCH'S STEAM-CARRIAGE, 1832.

SIR GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY'S STEAM-COACH, 1829



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 24, 1906.—757

THE FIRST FRENCH MOTOR, CUGNOT'S, 1770.

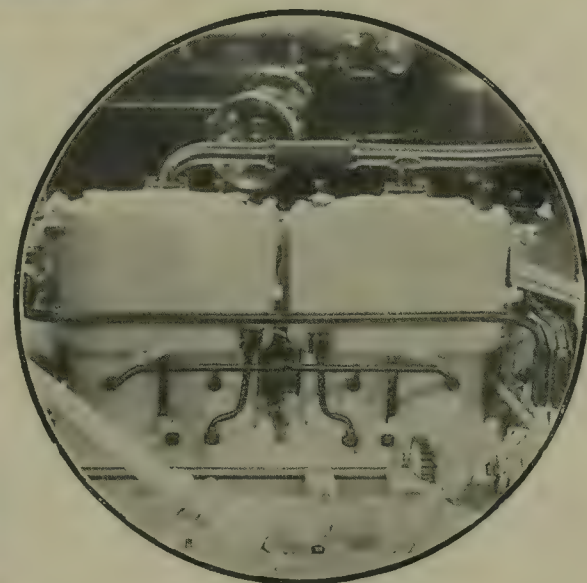
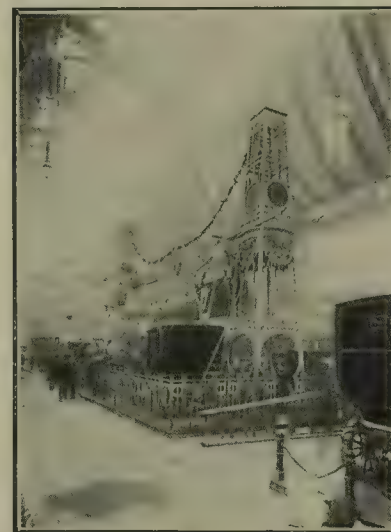
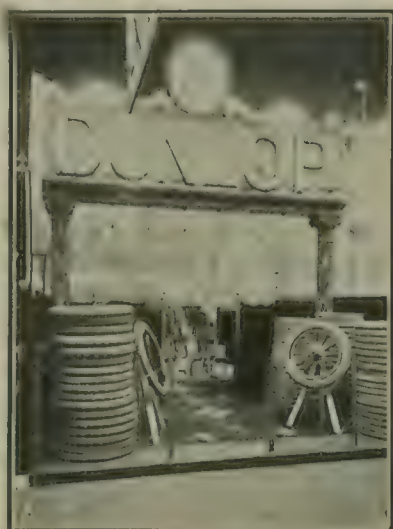
SQUIRE AND MACERONE'S STEAM-COACH, 1833.

THE MOST LUXURIOUS CAR IN THE SHOW: THE MAGNIFICENT DAIMLER BUILT TO THE ORDER OF THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

The most important exhibit at the Daimler stand was the 30-h.p. car built for the Nizam of Hyderabad. It has 11½ wheel base and is equipped with a side-entrance Limousine. The body is painted in yellow relieved with red lines, and the exterior upholstery is of red morocco. The inside seats are in cloth of the same colour. The vehicle is unsurpassed for luxury among all the magnificent cars of the Show.

INTERESTING SIGHTS AT THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



1. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S 30-H.P. THORNYCROFT.
2. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S NEW 4-CYLINDER 36-H.P. DAIMLER.
3. THE QUEEN'S DESIGN: HER MAJESTY'S 30-H.P. SIDDELEY.
4. THE DUNLOP TYRE COMPANY'S STAND.

5. GOOD BUSINESS AT THE HUMBER CO.'S STAND.
6. THE ARGYLL COMPANY'S STAND.
7. THE MINERVA COMPANY'S STAND.
8. REAR PORTION OF THE NEW MODEL 30 TO 40-H.P. DAIMLER CHASSIS, SHOWING NEW PITCH OF CHAIN.

9. THE MOST LUXURIOUS CAR IN THE SHOW: THE 30-H.P. DAIMLER SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.
10. NEW MODEL ENGINE FOR 30 TO 40-H.P. DAIMLER.

BRITISH CARS AND STANDS AT THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.

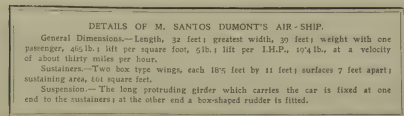
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND OTHERS.



1. THE SUNBEAM TOURING-CAR, 16 TO 20-H.P. 4-CYLINDER.
2. PRIZE CUPS ON HUNTLEY WALKER'S STAND.
3. THE CAR THAT WON THE CIRCUIT OF THE ARDENNES, JARROLD AND LETTS 120-H.P. DE DIETRICH RACER.
4. SIX-CYLINDER 40 TO 50-H.P. 6-CYLINDER ROLLS-ROYCE PULLMAN LIMOUSINE.
5. A FLORAL MODEL CAR IN THE NAPIER STAND.
6. THE SPYKER STAND.

7. THE 20-H.P. 4-CYLINDER BEAUFORT PRINCESS FOR SIGNOR MARCONI.
8. THE NEW MODEL 30-H.P. 6-CYLINDER BROOKE CAR.
9. A MODEL TOY MOTOR ON THE BEAUFORT STAND.
10. THE 60-H.P. 6-CYLINDER NAPIER WITH PULLMAN LIMOUSINE FOR THE DUKE OF FIFE.
11. THE 12 TO 16-H.P. NEW LEADER CHASSIS.

12. THE PULLMAN-BAND STAND.
13. 16 TO 20-H.P. ROVER CAR.
14. THE 6-CYLINDER 28-H.P. LANCHESTER CAR, £900.
15. THE JAMES AND BROWNE 6-CYLINDER 45 TO 55-H.P. SALOON CAR.
16. THE 18 TO 23-H.P. 4-CYLINDER NEW LEADER, £472.
17. THE ARGYLL 14 TO 16-H.P. 4-CYLINDER CHASSIS.
18. THE 24-H.P. DEASY CAR.



DETAILS OF M. SANTOS DUMONT'S AIR-SHIP.—(*Continued*)

Car.—A willow basket fixed in the glider above mentioned.

Propulsion.—Aluminium two-bladed propeller, 6 feet in diameter, fixed in rear of the sustainer.

Steering in a Vertical Plane.—The rudder can be moved right or left, by means of a steering-wheel.

Steering in a Horizontal Plane.—The same rudder can be moved up and down, by means of a steering-lever, and the whole machine rises and falls accordingly.

Equilibrium.—No special apparatus.

WHAT ALL POLICEMEN SHOULD KNOW: THEIR TRAINING ACCORDING TO GERMAN IDEAS.



THEORETICAL INSTRUCTION:
A LECTURE IN THE POLICE SCHOOL.



TACKLING A SANDBAG: TRAINING OFFICERS
TO WITHSTAND THE RUSH OF A CROWD.



HOW TO RENDER
A REVOLVER USELESS.



THE OLD FASHIONED
PRUSSIAN POLICE GRIP



RENDERING A MAN HELPLESS
BY TURNING
HIS COAT DOWN OVER HIS ARMS



EXERCISE IN GRIPPING
TO STRENGTHEN THE WRISTS



JU JITSU METHODS:
CARRYING PRISONERS ON THE BACK.

HOW TO CATCH A CRIMINAL: THEORY AND PRACTICE AT A GERMAN POLICE SCHOOL.

The German policeman is most scientifically trained for his duties. He attends lectures and practical classes where his head and body are equally exercised. Japan contributes ju-jitsu methods, and the best systems of all countries are drawn upon. The most curious of the pictures is the method of training policemen to withstand the rush of a crowd. Officers have to encounter a swinging sandbag, receiving the impact full in the body. They gradually become indifferent to the onset and acquire the necessary nerve.

A “DREADNOUGHT” COMPARISON WITH AMERICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE COURTESY OF THE “SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.”

BOW VIEW OF “DREADNOUGHT”: FORECASTLE DECK CUT AWAY FOR FORWARD FIRE OF GUNS ON BEAM.

“SOUTH CAROLINA.”

“DREADNOUGHT.”



	Year of Completion.	Displacement.	Speed.	Coal Supply.	Motive Power.	Maximum Freeboard.	Minimum Freeboard.	Number of Guns.	Fire Ahead.	Fire Astern.	Broadside Time.	Least Distance Con. of Turrets.
“South Carolina”	... 1910	16,000 Tons	18½ Knots	2200 Tons	2 Reciprocating Engines	22 Feet	14 Feet	Eight 12-inch	Four 12-inch	Four 12-inch	Eight 12-inch	35 Feet
“Dreadnought”	... 1906	18,000 ”	21½ ”	2700 ”	4 Turbines	30 ”	22 ”	Ten ”	Six ”	Six ”	” ”	100 ”

AMERICA'S FUTURE BIGGEST WAR-VESSEL AND OURS: THE “SOUTH CAROLINA” COMPARED WITH THE “DREADNOUGHT,” DESIGNED ON RESULTS OF THE JAPANESE WAR.



AMERICA'S GREAT GUNS: THE 12-INCH AND 8-INCH PIECES IN THE DOUBLE TURRET OF THE “NEW JERSEY.”

The “New Jersey,” which was put into commission in November 1904, is remarkable for her double turrets fore and aft. In each of these she mounts two 8-inch and two 12-inch guns. She is of 15,320 tons. Her complement is 703, her length 435 feet, her beam 76 feet 10 inches. She carries in all sixty-four guns. Her h.p. is 19,000, and her speed 19 knots.

MANY THEMES IN BRIEF: A SCRAP-BOOK PAGE OF VARIOUS TOPICS.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau

THE SOUTH AFRICANS' DEFEAT BY SCOTLAND: THE GLASGOW MATCH.

On November 17 the "Springboks" had their first defeat at the hands of Scotland. The match was played at Queen's Park Club, Glasgow, before 40,000 spectators, and the visitors never seemed like winning for a moment. Scotland was victorious by 6 points (two tries) to nil.



AGITATION FOR HOME RULE IN MALTA: THE VALETTA MASS MEETING.

One phase of the Home Rule agitation in Malta was the meeting held on October 4 outside the Portes des Bombes to demonstrate against disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church in Malta. The outcry has arisen on account of the Rev. John McNeill's mission in the island.



Photo, Mr. S. Norbury Williams

SONS OF THE SULTAN: SOME POSSIBLE HEIRS TO THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE

It may come as a surprise to many to learn that the Sultan should have so many very young sons. There is little chance, of course, of the succession falling to these youths, but in the event of trouble there will be no lack of candidates for the throne.



Photo, Croce.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL CHILDREN.

The three children of the King and Queen of Italy are the Princesses Yolande and Mafalda and the Crown Prince Umberto, who is now almost out of babyhood. The photograph was taken in the gardens at Racconigi, one of the royal country residences.



Photo, Hulton, France.

THE FIRST GERMAN SUBMARINE LOWERED INTO THE WATER.

The vessel "U 1" was lowered bodily into the water by one of the huge cranes at the Germania ship-building yard. The Kaiser's submarines have no immunity from accident. An explosion occurred on board "U 1" during her first trip.



Photo, Topical.

WOMEN AS DRIVERS OF PUBLIC VEHICLES: GERMANY'S FEMALE MILKMAN.

France has licensed a woman cabby, and Germany has the lady milkman. She goes round with the cart, proclaims her presence by ringing a bell, and proves herself as competent to do the work as mankind.

SUPERSTITION IN BRITTANY: PICTURESQUE RITES OF DIVINATION.



1. LISTENING TO THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

2. "IS MY SAILOR LOVER ALIVE OR DEAD?"—DIVINATION BY CANDLES.

The Breton peasants and fisher-people believe that some of their number have the power of hearing the voices of the dead. This gift is granted only to those who have been exposed in a cemetery before their baptism. An old woman, Jeanne Melec, who appears in the first photograph, is believed to possess this power, and she is continually consulted by the bereaved to know whether the departed are happy. She goes to the tomb and listens, and her answer is always satisfactory. Another rite is practised on the Morbihan coast by those who have been long without news of friends at sea. In the second picture a girl is asking after her absent sweetheart. She lays a framed photograph on the table before the celebrant, who lights two fir candles and holds them crosswise over the picture. For several minutes she gazes, and should she think that the picture moves, she exclaims, "He lives!"

KING HAAKON'S SPORT AND BUSINESS IN ENGLAND.

Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Duke of Connaught. Prince of Wales. The Queen. Dr. Nansen. Colonel Henry Knollys. Hofchef Rustad. Hon. H. Stonor. Kaptein Krag. Mr. Halsey. Prince Christian. Lord Colebrooke.



Hoffroken Fongner. Overhofmesterinde Rustad. Queen Maud. The King. King Haakon. Madame Nansen. Countess of Antrim.

ROYAL SPORT AT WINDSOR: THE KING'S SHOOTING-PARTY FOR KING HAAKON AT VIRGINIA WATER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS.

The King and the Royal Princes went shooting in Windsor Great Park on November 13. The Queen, the Queen of Norway, and the ladies of the suite joined the party for lunch.



Lady Treloar. King Haakon. Lord Mayor. Queen Maud. Prince of Wales. Princess of Wales.

NORWAY'S KING AND QUEEN AT THE GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR'S ROYAL GUESTS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

King Haakon and Queen Maud were entertained by the Lord Mayor and Corporation on November 14. Replying to the toast of his health King Haakon gave an interesting résumé of the relations between Norway, England, and Scotland, and expressed his good wishes for the continuance of the friendship between his country and Great Britain. Our goodwill towards Norway, his Majesty said, was founded on sincerity, and was valued by the Norwegians.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD: SNAPSHOTS AND VIEWS.



EDINBURGH'S HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN SCOTS GREYS:
UNVEILING THE EDINBURGH MEMORIAL.

On November 16 Lord Rosebery unveiled the monument to the Scots Greys who fell in the South African War. The statue has been erected in Prince's Street Gardens. Lord Rosebery deprecated the coming removal of the Scots Greys from Scotland.



FOR THE KING'S BIRTHDAY ONLY: THE ONLY OCCASION ON WHICH
SPANISH TROOPS WERE ALLOWED ON GIBRALTAR.

At King Edward's birthday parade at Gibraltar a troop of Spanish cavalry attended. This is the only occasion on which King Alfonso's troops may visit the Rock. They returned laden with duty-free tobacco.



BRINGING OUT A BURNT CHINAMAN.

WHERE OVER 100 CHINESE WERE ROASTED TO DEATH: THE TERRIBLE BURNING OF THE S.S. "HANKOW."

The "Hankow," a fine old paddle-steamer belonging to the Hong-kong, Canton, and Macao Steam-Boat Company, was burnt at Hong-kong on October 13. She had just arrived at Hong-kong from Canton with three European passengers and 2000 Chinese. When the fire broke out there was a fierce fight for life, and over a hundred Chinese were burnt to death. The "Hankow" had a cargo of matting and raw silk. Her owners suffered severely by the typhoon.



Photo. Topical.

1200 GUINEAS FOR A LIVING WOOLSACK: A NEW SOUTH WALES TRIUMPH.
The ram, an extra-special stud merino, was bred by Mr. Thomas Millier, of Deuliquin, New South Wales. He is two years old, and is named after Donald Dinnie, the famous Scottish athlete. The ram was shown at the Melbourne Stud Sheep Show.



Photo. Advance.

OUR PAMPERED PETS: A DOG'S FOOT-WARMER.

The dog's basket here illustrated has been on sale in the Burlington Arcade. The nest, which is the latest thing in luxury, is fitted with a plated foot-warmer. Toy dogs are said to be especially fond of this comfort, and curl round it like a cat.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA-CONCERTS.

THE fog and the rain in their courses fight against opera in London at this time of the year, and if the directors of our autumn season were men of less resource there would be some very awkward misadventures to record. Happily, the remote contingencies are always taken into account at Covent Garden, and though the eleventh-hour failure of an artist may alter a programme, it will not serve to close the house. On Saturday last "Gioconda" was postponed at the eleventh hour, and indeed Madame Nordica's continued indisposition renders it impossible for her to fulfil any of the half-dozen engagements contracted for during the present season. Ponchielli's fine opera is experiencing bad luck, and these continued postponements make it increasingly difficult for the management to fulfil the published programme. However, if all goes well, "Gioconda" and "Otello" may yet be given within a few days of one another, though according to present arrangements the season will come to an end on or about Saturday next, Dec. 1.

Madame Kirkby Lunn made her last appearance this season as Carmen on the night before she left for America to fulfil an operatic engagement there. Her presentation of the *cigarera* remains beautiful from the vocal standpoint, but the girls who work in the *Fabrica de Tabacos* and might have known the heroine of Merimee's story would certainly fail to recognise Madame Kirkby Lunn as one of themselves. In movement and gesture she is everything but Spanish, and her success as Carmen is purely vocal. Of Maria Gay, who took the part for the first time a night or two ago, we hope to write next week.

At the Queen's Hall, on Saturday last, Mr. Wood secured a fine rendering of Schubert's unfinished symphony, and the Second Brandenburg Concerto was

well given, though the modern trumpet seemed out of place; but the most notable feature of the programme was Lady Hallé's playing of Brahms's Violin Concerto, the work that Dr. Joachim established in the favour of those who admire the composer but are a little afraid of him. It is a work of extreme beauty, though it lapses sometimes into dulness; there are moments when Brahms, after seeming to forget his violinist altogether, remembers the solo instrument suddenly, and atones for

made her first appearance in London, and since that time all the world of music has been at her feet. Time has dealt gently with her wonderful voice, but the years work with an iron hand, even if they cover it with a velvet glove, and Madame Patti has chosen well in deciding to bring to its due close a career that is without parallel in the annals of music.

The first of a series of concerts devoted to the chamber music of Brahms has been given at the Queen's Hall. Dr. Joachim, who is taking a prominent part in the presentation of his friend's work, will be heard later at the Bechstein Hall.

"THE DEBUTANTE,"
AT THE EMPIRE.

In the ballet produced last week at the Empire Madame Katti Lanner and Mr. Wilhelm have gone back to a story that did service in the early 'nineties. Then the title was "Cécile," and now it is "The Debutante," but the plot is common to both. A scene in the academy of a ballet-master is followed by an "Eastern" *divertissement* in which a young and untamed dancer achieves a great success, and earns the admiration of what is called in ballet-land a "dusky potentate." The new ballet has been provided by Messrs. Clarke and Glaser with music that is satisfactory without being inspired at any point, and has been dressed with taste and discretion, but the special charm of the performance will be found in the exquisite art of Mlle. Genée, and in the wonderful manipulation of groups and sections of the *corps de ballet* by Madame Katti Lanner. It is a pleasure to see this great mistress of the ballet in her old place once

more, for since she left the house no ballet at the Empire Theatre, with the exception of "Coppelia," has been handled with the confidence and poetic imagination that mark her work. In the first tableau the skill with which all movements are expressed in terms of dancing is wonderful and compels applause. To say that Mlle. Genée is at her best is to say that no better dancing has been seen in London in the memory of the present generation.



Photo. Halfpence.

COOLIE PERFORMERS ON THE RAND: CHINESE IN COMIC OPERA.

In a comic opera recently given in South Africa, the performers were Chinese, and the subject of the play was also Chinese consequently the performers appeared more or less in their own character.

the neglect with passages of splendid difficulty. To all these Lady Hallé responded with a certainty, an ease, a measure of technical dexterity, and a wealth of deep feeling that were wholly entrancing.

Madame Adelina Patti's last concert in London will take place on Saturday next (Dec. 1), and the greatest singer of the Victorian era will close her public career with a provincial tour in the autumn of next year. Nearly half a century has passed since Adelina Patti

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 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
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LADIES' PAGES.

ONLY one lady at present can wear the blue ribbon of the Garter, and this is the Queen. This appointment of her Majesty as "Lady of the Order" is an innovation of the present reign; for centuries previously no lady has been a "Knight" except those who were Queens Regnant, and, as such, had in their own right the sovereignty of the Most Noble Order. But originally, on the contrary, there were "Ladies of the Garter" in considerable numbers, as their effigies still remaining testify. One of these monuments is at Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, and was consulted when Queen Victoria ascended, to ascertain in what manner the distinctive insignia—the band embroidered with the famous motto—was to be worn by a lady. It was seen on the effigy to be above the elbow on the left arm, and there Queen Victoria accordingly wore her "Garter." It would be pleasant if Queen Alexandra had the same power as the Queen of Spain enjoys—of appointing ladies to hold a special Order. Queen Victoria of Spain is Sovereign of two Orders for ladies, which she confers on whomsoever of her own sex she delights to honour; the gift carries the right to wear a handsome ornament or badge in full dress, and obviously affords an easy means of giving pleasure to others, such as our gracious Queen would specially value.

All such matters, if regarded from the materialistic point of view, are, of course, trivial and unimportant; but human nature is not made to live by bread alone, and there is a psychological influence in many things that are materially of little consequence. The *Lancet* has just been telling us, for instance, that to dress for dinner is not merely a question of vanity or of convention; it is "in complete harmony with hygienic principles." The changing of clothing from the workaday suit to a special evening garb, says our medical mentor, so freshens and brightens us that it "may even favourably affect nutrition." It perhaps may seem scarcely necessary for one who speaks in the mighty tones of science to give us this information; who has not experienced the influence of clothes on the feelings? To be well dressed is to feel gracious and benignant; it is also to be conscious of power to please, and therefore to influence. One of the first and most perilous signs that may be noticed of the decline of married happiness is an indifference to the dress in which the domestic hearth is approached. Such indifference indicates either decline of the wish to please or a consciousness of the decline of the possibility of doing so—either feeling being a growing seed of conjugal failure. Dress, in fine, is not the selfish and vain parade that stern moralists have sometimes tried to make us believe, but one of the social duties incumbent on us all, but mostly on women because their natural talent for profiting by it is greater.



A VELVET VISITING-GOWN.

Made in the new fashionable shade of wine-coloured corduroy velvet, this ladylike visiting-dress is trimmed with a strip of ermine and opens over a vest of embroidered satin, with lace collar.

Certain accessories are of inestimable value in helping to produce a good effect in gowning oneself, and these, if possible, ought to be obtained and duly cherished. I mean in particular a little real lace and jewellery. It is delightful to have these by inheritance. There is something specially fine to the sensitive mind in the dainty trifles that remind one that one's mother and grandmother were women of cultured tastes and refined habits. Yet as nothing will last for ever, and fashions change even in lace—not so much in the fabric itself as in the shapes—we may justly claim that it is our right, and almost our duty, to add our own personal quota of purchases to the stock that we in our turn must one day leave in a world from which we shall have departed. Laces and embroideries and trinkets take on quite a poetic importance on these lines of fancy.

Velvet or high-class velveteen is absolutely made into a fine frock by the addition of a little genuine lace alone. The material is itself so beautiful, with the depth of its lights and shades and the softness of its draping qualities, that it needs little addition in the form of any sort of trimming, and still less admits of being cut up in outline, by frillings and lines of another material. A quite plain full skirt of velvet, and a gathered corsage overhung with a berthe of real lace, or a yoke of lace and the velvet gathered on to that, is quite enough. The velvet gown that is the most fashionable frock of the hour recognises this need for simplicity in outline. The modish velvet skirts are made full all round the figure, and the corsages are also draped more or less fully. A little rich embroidery may appear as an edging to the yoke, or on the yoke itself and as cuffs, but lace is quite the ideal trimming. The fancy for stripes has extended itself to velvet, and corduroy velvets make very useful gowns; but these are not in the same class with the plain-surfaced, "chiffon-finished" velvets, which are gowns *de luxe* in their nature. The new velvets that have an alternating inch-wide stripe of corded silk are very handsome, and make excellent coats with plain velvet or cloth skirts in the same colour. These coats may be of the tight-fitting Directoire or of the loose semi-fitting order equally successfully; but if the loose shape is selected, it had better be made with the high-waisted "Empire" cut.

The style described as "Empire" for coats and cloth gowns, however, is not truly so; it is merely very high-waisted behind. The high-waist effect, indeed, continues to exist at the front also, but there is a considerable slope downwards from back to front in the waist-line. The true copy in our present styles of the Empire fashion is seen in evening gowns—namely, a very full and short "baby" bodice with a band under the fullness to bring the waist right up to just beneath the arms. This is very fashionable for evening gowns, and becoming to some figures. There should be a long line of trimming to the feet from the high artificial waist-line under the bust. You will be most sure of succeeding in producing the right effect if you choose for this

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*‘We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We marmur, but the corn-ears fill;*

*We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.*

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.’—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME. NATURE'S LAWS.

‘Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.’—MILTON.

“Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, *more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us, We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost*, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

“My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life*.

“The great mass of mankind are the ‘Poll,’ who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means extermination.

“Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. It is left to you to find out *why your ears are boxed*.”—HUXLEY.

“*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.”—T. CARLYLE.

‘INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.’—Goethe.
SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:

“Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.”

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's ‘Fruit Salt,’ which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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trimming a characteristic "Empire" design, such as a trail of wreaths of laurel in gold or silver pointed-shaped sequins. The special laurel-leaf green colour of the "Empire" embroideries is always successful on white satin; as, for example, in one gown this green was used in the form of chenille embroideries in the Greek key design, with a line of tiny jet sequins following the green chenille and bringing up the effect very smartly. The dress on which this embroidery appeared was of rich cream satin, and the short corsage, in genuine Empire fashion, was heavily trimmed with a deep fringe passing over each shoulder, coming to a point in front, made of green and jet sequins and chenille "blobs" to tip the fringe. The band that made the waist under the bust was constructed also of the jet and green sequins and green chenille embroidery.

Needlework is a fine art that reached its apogee long ago; we can never excel and we rarely equal the delicate workmanship of the needle in earlier days. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, make a speciality of collecting antique specimens of needlecraft, and their Christmas exhibition in their fine galleries, displaying all they have secured during the past year, is well worthy a visit, for nowhere else, not even at the South Kensington Museum, can such a collection be seen. It ranges from magnificent great pieces of needlework, such as some splendid curtains and bed-spreads of Elizabethan and Stuart times, and also fine large tapestries, down to little bits that are utilised as covers for jewel-boxes or books, and as cushions of various dimensions, and so on; and an inexpensive or a costly Christmas gift of a unique and very interesting character can here be picked up. The needlework pictures, many of them still in the original old frames, are perhaps the most amusing feature of the Exhibition, and there are many rare specimens most interesting to collectors. These are constantly increasing in value, and as the number of genuine old pieces is limited, the judicious collector may expect to find his treasures appreciate every year. Those worked in the Stuart period, many of them showing Biblical characters in the costume of the seventeenth century, are particularly quaint; James I. as Solomon, in all the glory of trunk-hose, high-heeled shoes, and ruff, receives the Queen of Sheba in a farthingale and similarly be-ruffed, for example. But the workmanship is of the finest and the colouring very dainty. Some of the old ecclesiastical embroidery, again, is superb in colour and execution. There is likewise on view a large collection of old lace, of which delightful article also Messrs. Debenham and Freebody make a speciality, and what could be a more acceptable Christmas present? Visitors are welcomed, however, without any obligation to purchase.

Lieutenant Peary, who has made so close an approach to the Pole, has a courageous wife, for on his previous journey she did not fear to accompany him, although that implied that her baby was to be born out in the icy wilds. This indicates a courage that only women



A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

Pleated skirt and coat in grey tweed, with oxydised silver buttons, and chic addition of a touch of black in the velvet collar and cuffs, and belt ending at each side of the front.

can appreciate. The experiment was not altogether successful; not that Mrs. Peary in any way failed to rise to the occasion, but that there was a sort of feeling amongst the other men in the expedition that their commander had no just right to be the only man privileged to have his wife's company. The man who is single and goes on a dangerous expedition flatters himself that his bachelor condition is a distinct advantage. Dr. Nansen's experience in this direction is amusing. When he made the first of his adventurous Polar journeys he held the opinion of Lord Bacon, to the effect that only unmarried men are apt for great and daring enterprise; and so far did Nansen carry this notion that he insisted that even the Lapp men who were to act as his carriers and guides should be bachelors, in order that they should not be pining for their homes and worrying about their families. But whether a bachelor Lapp is not to be found, or what else the reason may have been, the friend who engaged the natives neglected to attend to this point, and the chief guide had—I think it was ten children; a fact that much distressed the explorer when he found it out too late to make a change. But in time to come, first Nansen's trusted lieutenant, Captain Sverdrup, and then in due course actually he himself, fell victims to the little god's arrows, and married; and then no more was heard from Nansen of the unsuitableness of the married man for great enterprises and adventures! Circumstances alter views.

One is always glad to hear of something good in the direction of the cuisine, and so I would call attention to "Tabasco," the liquid red-pepper sauce. The word "sauce" scarcely describes it—it is really more of a condiment, a few drops sufficing to give life and tone to almost every kind of dish. It has been on the market for more than thirty years, but until recently the proprietors did not think it worth while to advertise it, as its merits have been responsible for a large sale for the above long period. All high-class grocers sell it, or it can be obtained from Lamont, Corliss, and Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

It may give some idea of the colossal consumption of Bovril to learn that on a single day last month the sales of this food-beverage in the United Kingdom alone were sufficient to make over seven million good strong cups of Bovril. It requires some thought to realise the significance of a figure of this magnitude.

A lengthy record of success is one of the most effective proofs of the excellence of the article in question, so the length of the reputation of Rowland's Macassar Oil speaks volumes for its merits in preserving, beautifying, and restoring the hair. It was introduced to the public when George III. was King, one hundred and twenty years ago, and is still unrivalled for its purposes. The same may be said of "Rowland's Kalydor," for the complexion, and "Odonto," for the teeth; these preparations have the approval of over a century at their back.

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that clears
To-day of past regrets, and
future fears."

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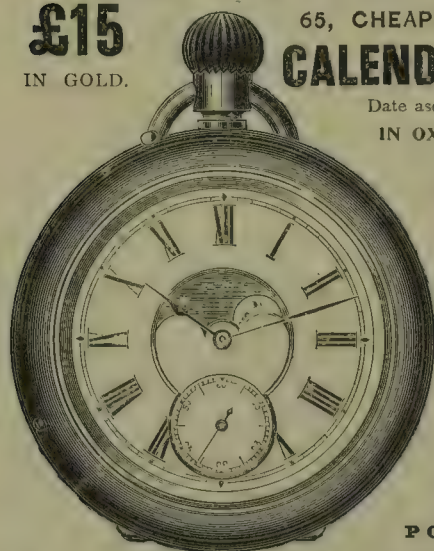
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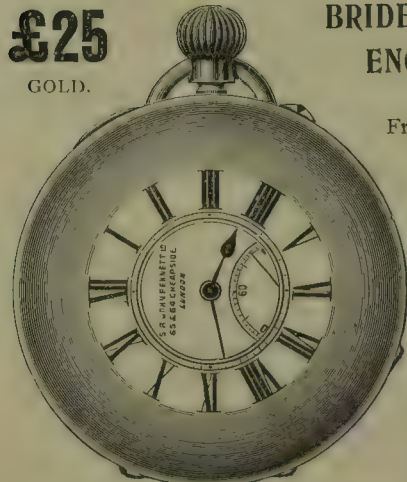
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ART NOTES.

TOWARDS one end of Bond Street the New English Art Club holds its exhibition, at the other the Older English Art is finely represented in Messrs.



THE TUNNEL THAT PIERCED THE AMIR'S HEART: THE GREAT LINK BETWEEN QUETTA AND CHAMAN.

The Khojak tunnel is on the Baluchistan Railway between Quetta and Chaman. It is three-and-a-half miles long, and is of the greatest strategic importance. When the late Amir heard that it had been made he said, "This is through my heart," for it left Afghanistan easily open to the invader. —[PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENNER.]

Agnew's Gallery. We will be guided in the order of our consideration by seniority, giving Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney precedence over Wilson-Steer, John, and Orpen. That the stately styles of the great masters have been reflected not at all in the rugged palettes of the present generation; that there is no flitting shadow of resemblance between the pictures at Messrs. Agnew's and those in Dering Yard, is a very concise illustration of the great revolution of the nineteenth century.

Messrs. Agnew's pictures, gathered together in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, are not all English. Two of the very interesting canvases are from the most lively brush of Franz Hals; "De Heer Bodolphe" and "Me Vrouw Bodolphe" show us a

comfortable couple of well-to-do, uncultured (Hals never suggested any refinement of personality) Dutch folk, confident, old, and extraordinarily healthy. But when these sober facts were stated, the painter had not much more to set down, and despite the delightful, alert technique, the pictures do not stand beside Hals' more spontaneous work. And we must set down this conviction in all haste, else it is spoilt by the haunting memory of just one passage of the two large canvases: the old lady's face is a masterpiece. It was she,

two youths Henry and Edward Tomkinson; but it is the Gainsborough of a less perfected manner who is most lovable. The "Miss Montague" hanging near by gets nearer to the heart. Romney is represented in his most and least conventional moods: the portrait of Lady Monson is an almost absurd example of the pedestal pose. The lady, draped in flowing garments of unnaturally graceful folds, in a stage landscape, supports herself languishingly on a garden pedestal; the whole is of a convention which is hardly interesting to-day, even as a convention. But turn to the portrait of Miss Sage from the same hand, and you are in a different world, one that is gay, sweet, spirited. The double portrait of the children, William and George Brummell, by Reynolds, shows us the "Beau" at an artless and innocent stage of his career, and is an interesting canvas. A Constable of fine quality,



SAFETY AT ONE BOY'S HANDS: AN EASILY LAUNCHED LIFE-RAFT.

The raft would hold sixty-five people. It is always in readiness for launching, and one sailor-lad, by merely pulling a lever, could send it overboard in case of danger.

PHOTOGRAPH BY "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

surely, who had the wit to commission the brilliant Hals. The other alien picture is a group of the children of the Balbi family, painted by Van Dyck at Genoa; while this work lacks any virility of brushwork, its colour is magnificent, its richness being an out-standing point among the gentle blues and greys of Gainsborough and Reynolds.

Among the several fine Gainsboroughs in the exhibition the most perfect perhaps is the painting of the

"Hampstead Heath," and a Crome of most lovely colour, rather Wilson-like, are the best landscapes.

At the New English Art Club there may always be found some of the cleverest painting of the moment;



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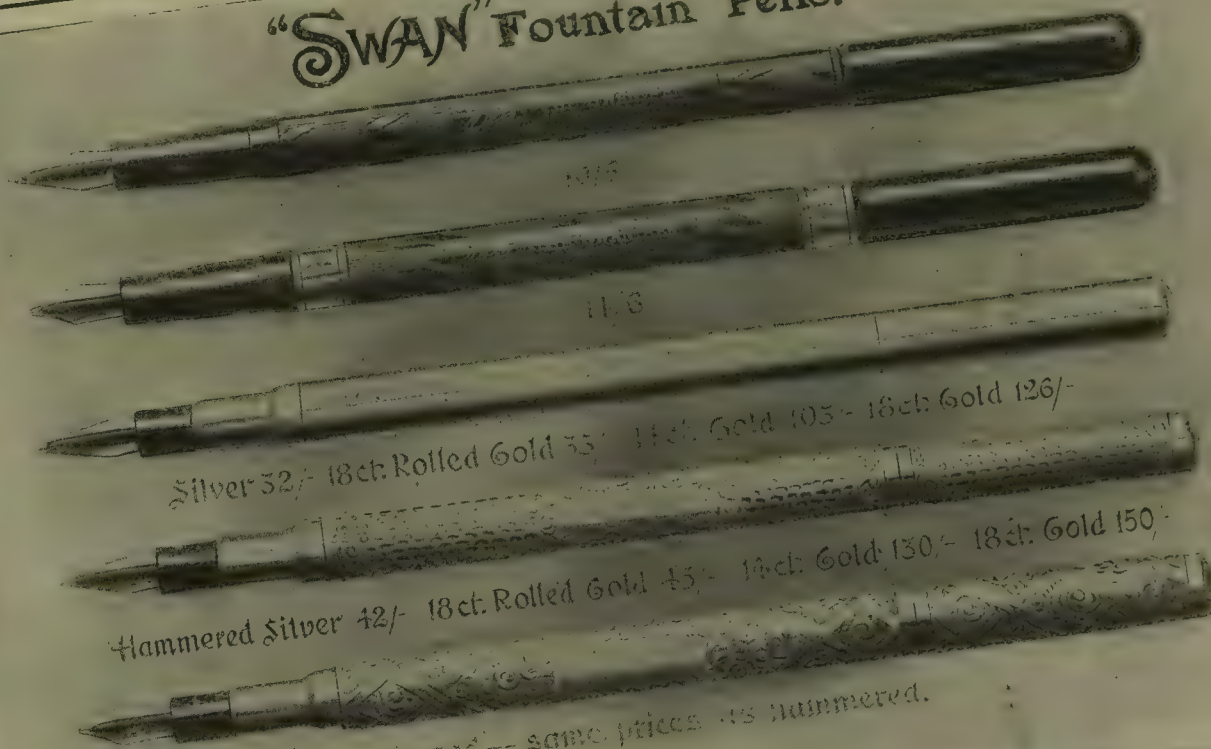
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the cleverness of this autumn is rather less assertive than that of the past spring, or of any of the recent exhibitions; but there is as much cleverness to astonish the inquisitive visitor, and rather more charm to please him. With one consent, it seems, the exhibitors have painted pictures smaller than is their wont, and largeness makes none of its arbitrary claims on the eye. It is to a small picture of Mr. Orpen's, a smaller of Mr. Conder's, and one very small by Mr. John, that we turned with most pleasure. In the smallest of these there is a largeness of manner, an incorporate glow of colour, a feeling for the prevailing interior tone investing everything, which make a remarkable canvas; it is long since we have seen so complete and consistent a painting by Mr. John as this "In the Tent." Mr. Orpen contributes three paintings and two drawings; all these show a command of his medium which is unequalled by any of his immediate contemporaries. It is only the low flight of his ambition that prevents Mr. Orpen from taking a very high place in modern art. Of the three paintings, all eminently capable, the most capable is "A Woman," a study of a nude, reclining figure presenting many chance problems of draughtsmanship and perspective which only a great draughtsman could overcome; and they are unfalteringly disposed of.

There is a touch of fantasy, much reality, and very definite beauty in Mr. Conder's "A Beach in Cornwall." Random figures are dotted over a bright beach of sand; there is nothing random in the artist's impression of them. They move and are still, loom large in the foreground, vanish into ciphers in the distance with infallible truth; but they are at the same time animated by the charming fantasy of Mr. Conder's touch. Mr. W. Rothenstein's "Threshing in Burgundy" is a clean, attractive picture of sun and shadow; Mr. Russell succeeds in rather the same manner in his "L'Eglise de St. Nicholas, Coutances." It is in his water-colours rather than in his oils that Mr. Wilson-Steer shows his strength this year. And on the water-colour wall both Mr. Rich and Mr. Tonks show delightful work. Mr. Sargent has not contributed to this autumn's exhibition. W. M.

Eminent Frenchmen in London are projecting a Franco-British Exhibition to be held here in 1908. The proposal was publicly mooted last summer, when an enthusiastic and representative meeting was held at the Mansion House. The London Chamber of Commerce has promised the scheme its hearty co-operation, and the French President and the Minister of Commerce have also shown active sympathy. A General Committee has been organised, and includes the names of many of the most prominent men in this country, and the list of members is being increased daily. Any surplus resulting from the exhibition will be devoted to some public object, charitable or otherwise, to be determined by the French and British Governments or the Committee in both countries.

A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION OF RENAISSANCE ART.

NOTHING more clearly gives evidence of the growing interest taken by the art-loving public in the romantic period of the Italian Renaissance than the



extraordinary success which has attended the Exhibition of antique Italian *objets d'art* at Waring's New Galleries. Museum authorities, artists of world-wide renown, and connoisseurs of all ranks gave it their unstinted praise, a good many expressing the opinion that never had they witnessed such an enchanting collection of beautiful examples of sixteenth-century pieces. Encouraged by such noteworthy praise, Messrs. Waring felt justified in further enhancing their already great reputation by acquiring a still larger and more complete collection. To this effect, they instructed their agent in Italy to spare neither time, trouble, nor expense in obtaining for them all available masterpieces in the country, and an opportunity is now given to the art world of judging the result. The objects secured, representing the best periods, were obtained direct from historical palaces, cathedrals, and monasteries, and it follows that the public may therefore be assured that they are looking upon genuine antiques of a class rarely to be seen singly, and nowhere else in London, or even in Italy itself, in the form of so important a collection. A matter of great importance is the fact that these art objects have at no time passed through the hands of Italian dealers; and, considering their great artistic interest, the prices are astonishingly low. No better or more fitting place for the temporary resting-place of so

superbly beautiful specimens of that remarkable period which produced Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo could be imagined than in the splendid and dignified Georgian Hall in Waring's New Galleries.

Grouped in a well-ordered variety are cabinets, tables, cassones, coffer, chairs, marble objects, tapestry, arras-panels, embroidery, lace, marble busts of the Madonna, chasubles, missals, silver tabernacles, etc. The first illustration represents an old Savonarola chair. The maker of this chair evidently gave free scope to his imaginative powers, and that he was a clever craftsman as well as a man of originality is exemplified in the symmetrical proportions and masterful joinery of this piece of furniture. It will be noticed that the sides and legs are combined, the whole forming the shape of an undulating letter X. If there be anything else necessary to throw a halo of interest around this venerable object, it is the carved circle on the back containing the letters "T. P.," with a significant cross between. In spite of its great age, the chair is in a good state of preservation. It was recently acquired from an ancient Sicilian convent. The second illustration will convey a slight idea of a massive, but withal graceful walnut-table of the sixteenth century. Considering its great age, it is in a wonderful state of preservation, and looks good enough for another four hundred years. It is richly carved with a bold yet refined design. Equally ancient, the bust in the



centre, representing Saint Clara, is of carved wood, decorated in a colouring the art of which is now lost. It is undoubtedly an object of great interest, for it occupied for some considerable time a prominent position in an Italian museum. The Urbino dish on the right has been traced to the latter part of the sixteenth century. The refined and fascinating design of repoussé and chased rococo on the old silver plate on the other side, must be seen to be appreciated.



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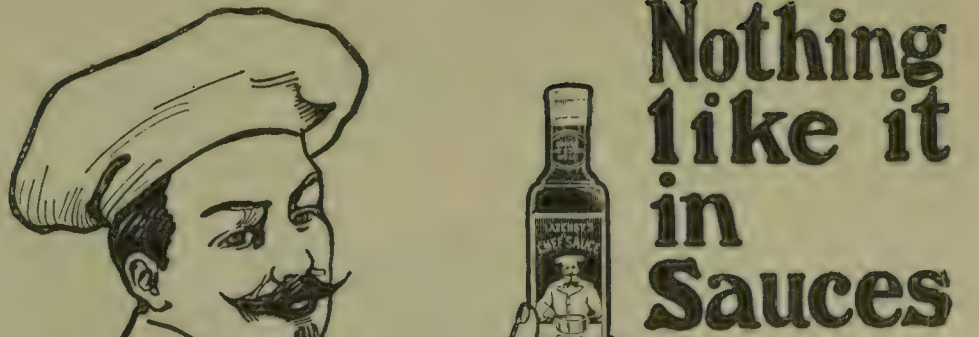
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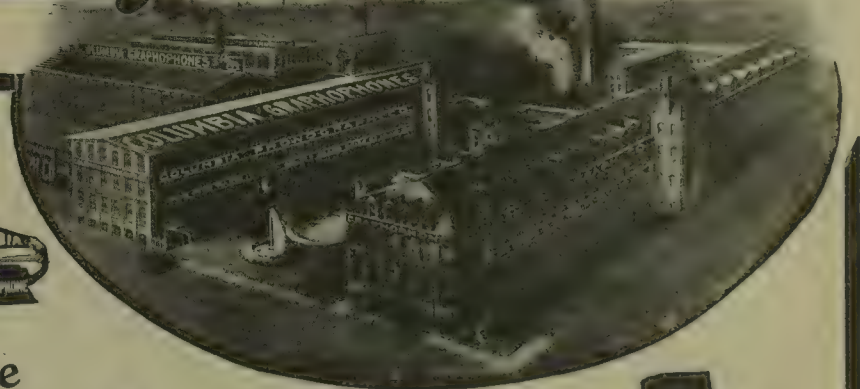
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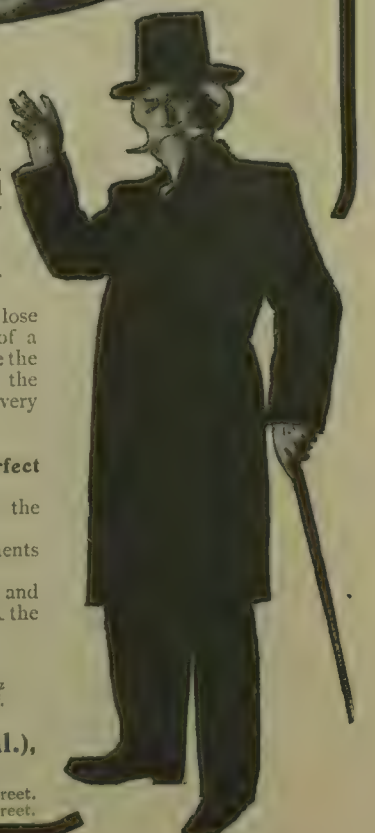
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

WHATEVER may be its deficiencies on its purely dramatic side, the lyrical appeal of the tragedy of "Richard II." is quite irresistible even in the playhouse. The plangent note of pathos that runs through all the *roi fainéant's* self-pitying eloquence is given out in language of such cloying sweetness, and by contrast the proud pean in glorification of England's greatness is chanted in rhetoric so resounding and so majestic, that in this play of Shakspeare's, at least, poetry proves an all-sufficient substitute for drama. "Richard II.," however, just because its qualities are so pre-eminently lyrical, and just because its human interest almost solely depends on its elaborate study of one decadent person, demands all the scenic accessories that the modern stage can afford; and in the case of this, more than of any other of his Shakspearean productions, Mr. Tree deserves the thanks of playgoers for the splendid picturesque quality of the setting he has afforded the play. In the current revival which was staged last Monday, Mr. Tree repeats his subtle impersonation of the degenerate Richard. Mr. Fisher White declaims finely John of Gaunt's death-bed speech, Mr. Lyn Harding makes a resonant and gallant Bolingbroke, Mr. Basil Gill invests the character of Norfolk with chivalrous grace, Mr. G. W. Anson handles tactfully the part of the gardener, and there is dignity and charm about Miss Viola Tree's Queen—if also just at present not quite sufficient a sense of blank-verse rhythm.

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH." AT THE ALDWYCH.

So many are the attractive features of "The Beauty of Bath" that it is not surprising that this popular musical

comedy should have reached within the last day or two at the Aldwych Theatre its two-hundred-and-fiftieth performance. It is, of course, little more than a glorified variety entertainment, for the "David Garrick" sort of story on which its "turns" are hung is the thinnest of threads; but the entertainment is always good, and has become with the introduction of new songs and fun more than ever varied. In this *mélange* the heroine's representative, Miss Ellaline Terriss, cuts, as is

ways of disposing of certain tiresome politicians; and it is in illustration of one of Miss Terriss's songs dealing with the charms of the player's life that Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Miss Maud Darrell caricature very comically the respective stage-poses of Miss Camille Clifford and Miss Edna May.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE'S BENEFIT AT THE PALACE.

Much water has passed under London Bridge since in the early 'seventies Miss Emily Soldene drew the town to the old Philharmonic; but obviously the once-popular Drogan of "Geneviève de Brabant" does herself less than justice in referring to herself as a "back number," and is still held in kindest remembrance by her old admirers, for at her benefit given last week at the Palace Theatre there was a crowded house, the enthusiasm of which was so great that the veteran actress momentarily broke down when she reappeared in her most notable rôle towards the close of a long and interesting programme. How long ago it is since Miss Soldene first wore the white breeches of the pastrycook and sang in the famous duet may be judged from the fact that Mr. Tree, who had the pleasant task at the matinee of handing over to the beneficiaries a cheque which, with subsequent additions, will make a round sum of £800, said he remembered quite well being taken to Islington to see the lady in "Geneviève" when he himself was in short clothes. Miss Soldene had excellent support behind as well as before the footlights. Among those who gave their services on the



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DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

The train is to be used for the transport of ammunition and provisions. The locomotive is so light that it can cross any bridge. The transport-carts are two-wheeled, but they can be linked together so that each pair forms a single four-wheel truck. The connection, however, is not rigid, and the two vehicles can turn as easily as a gun and its limber. Two of these double carriages and a locomotive form a train. It can go backwards as easily as forwards, for each of the linked trucks has its own steering-wheel, and, as the seats are coupled facing each other, the driver may turn towards the required direction. The speed is from three to seven miles an hour. The high wheels are so constructed as to stand the wear and tear of rough roads.

only fair, the most considerable figure, but as she sings and acts with all her customary naturalness and girlish vivacity, such prominence is altogether desirable. Her ditties include a pretty farewell to the dying hyacinth flower, a sancy little ballad about a coy maiden called "Shy Ann," and a lesson in geography which suggests

occasion were Señor Sarasate, who was heard at his best in a couple of violin-solos; Mr. Lewis Waller, who recited; Mr. Lionel Brough, who told droll stories; Mr. Harry Paulton, who delivered a mock lecture; Miss Florence St. John and others, who sang; and Messrs. Edmund Payne and George Grossmith

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junior, who revived, with variations, "We Run 'Em In"; while the matinee had its novelty in the production of a one-act play entitled "Agnese's Secret," which showed Mr. "Owen Hall" in the unaccustomed vein of a writer of tragedy.

[On another page will be found our critic's note on Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play at the Court Theatre.]

"Where to Live" is the title of a publication recently issued by the Great Northern Railway Company which should be in the possession of all who are anxious

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

BISHOP AWDRY, of South Tokyo, is much out of health, and has been ordered complete rest until after Christmas. He has been under treatment in a London nursing home since he returned from Japan. Dr. Awdry is in his sixty-fifth year, and was appointed to the bishopric in 1898.

The subscriptions for the restoration of Selby Abbey now reach £20,000, which is one half of the total that will be necessary to do the work thoroughly. The cause of the fire remains unknown, but it is pointed out by the

Bishop of London on the subject, and the scheme has their hearty support. The new see will include the Fijian, Tongan, and Samoan groups.

Canon Hervey has returned to Sandringham Rectory in greatly improved health. He benefited much by his stay in the Isle of Wight and by his autumn visit to the Highlands. Canon Hervey is a grandson of the first Marquess of Bristol. He has held the living of Sandringham since 1878.

The Bishop of Manchester has asked that no change should be made in the hymn-books of any parish in his diocese until he has been consulted. "Proposed changes



ST. HELEN'S FORT, SPITHEAD, TO LET NOMAN, THE SISTER-FORT—A CURIOUS WAR DEPARTMENT OFFER.

Portsmouth has been greatly amused by an advertisement which the War Department has put in a local paper. It offers St. Helen's Fort, Spithead, to let on yearly tenancy. The building is of two floors, and it contains seven rooms and a number of stores. The advertisement suggests that at small cost the fort would make a pleasant residence for yachtsmen or a hotel.

to live in a healthy and easily accessible suburb. The opening of the three new Tube railways will link up the northern district served by the Great Northern Railway Company with all parts of London, and it will thus be possible to live in London's healthiest suburbs, and at the same time be within easy reach of the City or West-End.

assessors that paraffin lamps and unprotected candles were used in and about the organ during the work which was going on shortly before the fire.

It has been decided to establish a new diocese for Polynesia. The Primate of New Zealand, who sails for his home this week, has been in communication, while in England, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the



SAILORS IN THE KILT: THE OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PIPERS.

The pipers, who are Scotsmen, brought their pipes with them when they enlisted. Their music grew so popular that they were deputed to take the place of the fife band when the bluejackets marched out. Now that they are officially recognised they have been provided with a full Highland dress of the Royal Stuart tartan with the doublet, the Glengarry cap, and the plaid.

in hymn-books," he writes, "should be submitted to me before they are submitted to the congregation."

The Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, W., has had a very pleasant and successful visit to America. He gave a course of lectures at the Grand Theological Seminary, New York, and has recently visited Buffalo. V.

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THE SUREST MEANS OF OBTAINING HEALTH

DR. ANDREW WILSON'S IDEA.

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., has just issued from the press an engrossing booklet which will set people thinking. In this booklet, "The Art of Living," he says:—

"Many people merely exist—they live in a state in which they may be described as being neither very ill nor very well. Persons in this state do not get the most out of life and they cannot attain to the best in the way of living. They cannot do their work in a satisfactory fashion. Work which should be easily performed becomes a toil to them. As a writer has said, they feel 'the burden of living.' Now in a typical state of health living should be no burden at all.

"I should define health as that condition in which every duty of life is performed without pain or discomfort. Whenever we are ill we infringe, so to speak, this definition. The little ailment, equally with the serious one, implies pain to a certain extent, and it renders the sufferer a less effective worker. Besides, loss of health, or even feebleness, has its economic side. It entails loss of money, by reason of inability to discharge the duties that lie to our hand.

"Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness, if we can, at the outset. Suppose a person has 'run down,' as the saying goes, in his bodily health. He feels languid and is easily tired.

"Probably he will be advised, and rightly, to take a 'tonic.' This in the main is good advice, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a 'tonic' and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building-up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody.

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The publishers of Dr. Andrew Wilson's little work are Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., and they are sending free of cost copies of the booklet to every bona fide applicant who wishes to know all about Sanatogen, and names *The Illustrated London News* in his note of application. Sanatogen, by the way, is sold in packets at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d., and can be obtained from any chemist.

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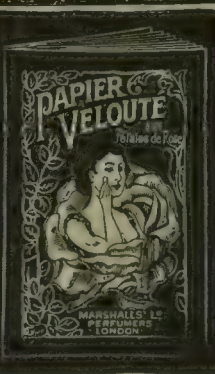
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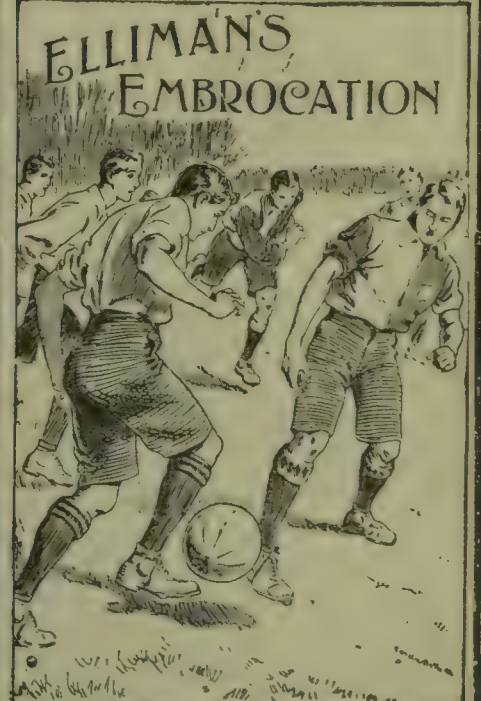
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Prepared according to a formula of the Liverpool Throat Hospital.
Alleviate all Inflammation and Irritation, and give immediate relief in Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Colds, and all affections of the Throat. TRY THEM WHEN YOUR VOICE FAILS YOU.
Used and recommended by leading Clergymen, Vocalists, and Public Speakers at home and abroad. Sold by all Chemists at 1/- and 4/6 per box. Write for Sample, and mention "Illustrated London News," to Sole Manufacturers—
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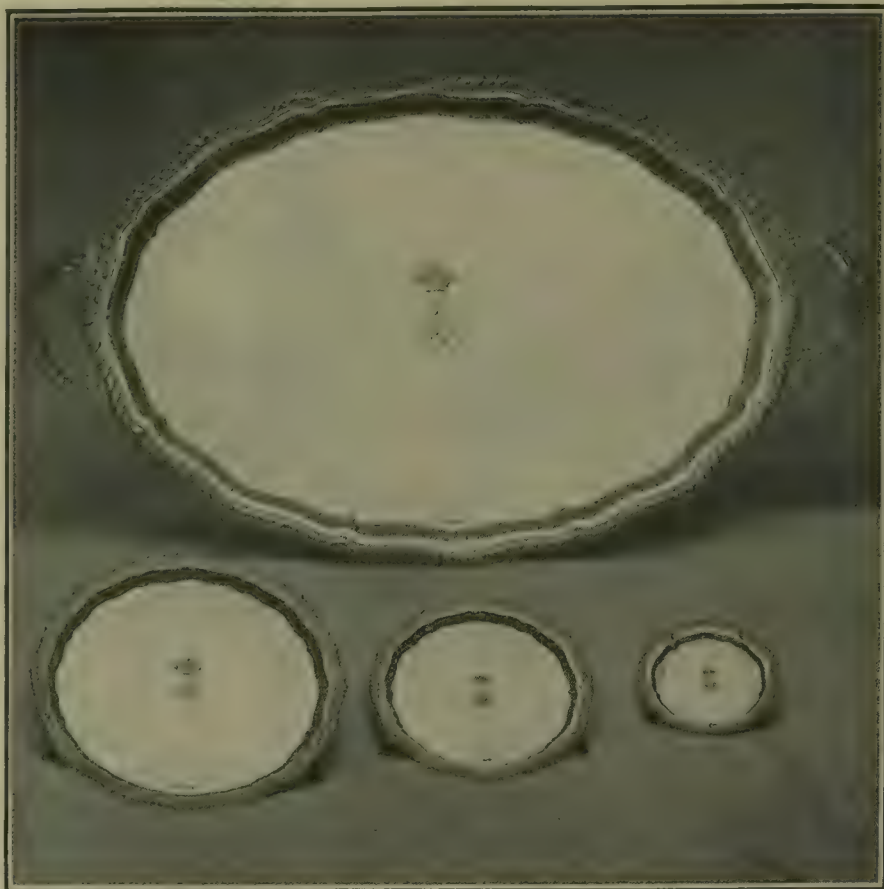
When buying ask for "EVANS' PASTILLES," & beware of imitations.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Aug. 7, 1905) of MR. LEWIS ALEXANDER WALLACE, of 6, Hyde Park Gardens, and Sanderstead Court, Croydon, and of Messrs. Wallace Brothers, 8, Austin Friars, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Nov. 13 by Alexander Falconer Wallace, William Scott Elliot, Lewis Alexander Wallace, Falconer Lewis Wallace, the Hon. Percy Mansfield Thesiger, Reginald Heber Macaulay and Arthur Statham Jackson, the value of the estate being £489,696. The testator gives £10,000, the furniture and household effects, and the use of his two residences to his unmarried sisters; 100 shares in the Bombay-Burmah Corporation to his brother Alexander Falconer; £10,000 to his niece Marion Isobel Wallace; £500 to Arthur S. Jackson, and £2000 amongst his other executors, and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves as to one seventh to his brother Alexander Falconer, one seventh in trust for his sister Mrs. Margaret Scott Elliot, one seventh to the children of his brother Richard, one seventh to Lewis Alexander, George Bright, Mary Rowe, Phoebe Isobel, Margaret, and Isobel Jane, the children of his brother George, and three sevenths in trust for his sisters Isabella, Jane Anne, and Jessie, and on the decease of the survivor for his brother Alexander Falconer.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1906) of MR. RICHARD WHITAKER, of Oak Villa, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, Lancashire, who died on Sept. 15, has been proved by George Bridge, John Kenyon, and Frederick Pickup, the value of the estate being £44,910. The testator gives £500 each to Kay Street Baptist Chapel, at Rawtenstall, and Zion Chapel, Cloughfold; £1000 each to his brothers and sisters and those of his wife; £500 each to his nephews and nieces; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property is to be held in trust to found the "Richard Whitaker Charity," and out of the income thereof two scholarships of £50 each and two of £25 each for poor boys and girls of Rawtenstall, and the remainder thereof for the deserving industrious poor of the Central Ward of Rawtenstall, but the charity shall not be applied in such a manner as will be a relief to the rates.



QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY'S GIFT FROM THE LONDON CITIZENS.

The Illustration represents a set of sterling silver tea-trays and salvers, with handsome "Gadroon" mounts, which, together with a service of richly gilt knives, forks, and spoons, designed in keeping with the above, are being presented to her Majesty Queen Maud of Norway as a Coronation Gift from the citizens of London. Each piece is handsomely engraved with her Majesty's cypher and coronet, and the service forms a fitting token of London's sincere respect and admiration. It is yet another example of the artistic productions of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, of London and Sheffield.

The will (dated July 6, 1903) of MRS. DELMIRA CAMPBELL, of 27, Pembridge Square, W., who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Nov. 12 by John Davies Campbell, the son, and Frederick William Price, the value of the real and personal estate being £116,125. The testatrix gives £500 each to her executors; £1500 for the

education and support of the sons of her deceased nephew should they be brought to England; and an annuity of £50 to her sister-in-law, Mary Barlow, for life and then £100 each to her daughters and £50 each to her sons. All other her property, except that in Chili and Peru, she leaves to her children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1896), with three codicils, of MARY AUGUSTA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF SEFTON, of 2, Lyall Street, Belgrave Square, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Nov. 12 by Viscount Downe, the son-in-law, and Major Arthur Robert Hopwood, the value of the estate being £25,674. The testatrix gives various paintings to the Earl of Sefton; £300 and her plate to her son, Captain the Hon. Henry Hervey Molyneux; £10,000 to her son the Hon. Caryl Craven Molyneux; her furniture and trinkets to her daughter, Viscountess Downe; £150 to her maid, Mary Ann Hinch; and £50 to her butler, James Homer. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her grandson Roger Anthony, but one third of the income thereof is to be paid to her daughter-in-law Vivienne while she remains the widow of testatrix's son Roger.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1899) of the HON. AND VERY REV. MONSIGNOR BASIL GEORGE EDWARD VINCENT FEILDING, of 5, John Street, Mayfair, who was drowned on July 31, has been proved by his brother the Earl of Denbigh, the value of the property being £9183. The testator gives £3900, and his interest under the will of his mother, to his brother Everard and sisters Winefride and Agnes; £300 to his sister Edith; £500 to his sister, Lady Winefride Cary Elwes; £2000 to his brother Everard; and £500 to his niece, Clare de Trafford. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, the Earl of Denbigh, for life, and then as he shall appoint to his younger sons.

The will (dated April 11, 1905) of MR. JOHN ROBERT BOYSON, of 26, Inverness Terrace, Kensington Gardens, who died on Oct. 3, has been proved by Miss Matilda Anslie Boyson, the daughter, and Colonel John Campbell Gunning, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £78,624. The testator gives £6500, in

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Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

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Double Strength.

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Keeps brass and all metals bright longest. Does not scratch nor tarnish. Ahead of all others, and it is British! Easy, quick, certain. A trial convinces. Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Grocers, oilmen, etc.

Send for Dainty Free Sample of both Polishes, and also of CHISWICK CARPET SOAP, which cleans all Carpets without taking them up. Enclose 1d. Stamp to cover postage.

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This ingenious machine gives a heel-to-toe movement, representing a perfect imitation of the skilled barber's hand

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Single Shaver in Case, 8s. 6d.; Shaver and Two extra Blades, in Leather Case, £1; Shaver with Four Extra Blades, £1 7s. 6d. Shaver with Six Extra Blades, £1 15s.

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trust, for each of his daughters, Helen Sophia Sloggett and Marion Gunning; £7000, in trust, for his niece Elizabeth Mary Cockburn; all stock of the Bank of India, £1000 railway stock, his residence and furniture and £200, to his daughter Matilda Ansley; £500 each to numerous grandchildren, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his son.

The will (dated May 28, 1904) of Mr. ROBERT BRIGGS-BURY, of Bank House, Accrington, and The Cottage, Poulton-le-Fylde, cotton-manufacturer, who died on July 10, has been proved by his sons Samuel Briggs-Bury and James Briggs-Bury, the value of the real and personal estate being £120,577. The testator gives The Cottage, two other houses in Poulton-le-Fylde, and his share and interest in Bury Brothers, to his son James; Bank House to his son Samuel, and the residue of his property to his two sons equally.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1898), with two codicils, of Mr. STAFFORD O'BRIEN HOAKE, of Turville Park, Henley-on-Thames, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Nov. 2 by Major Gerard Thomas Noel and Colonel Arthur Ralph Pemberton, the value of the estate being £53,722. The testator gives his jewels and personal articles, horses and carriages to his wife, and subject thereto leaves all he shall die possessed of to his wife for life, and then in default of male issue to his daughter, Lillias Frances Matilda, and her children.

SORE EYES CURED.

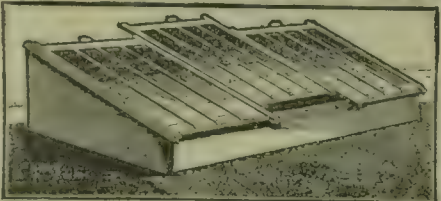
BABY PHILLIPS' GRATEFUL MOTHER SENDS A REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL TO CUTICURA.

"When my little girl was a few months old her eyes became very sore. I took her to a hospital for twelve months, but her eyes seemed to grow worse. One doctor said they might be bad for years. I was one day stopped on the street by a Mrs. Todd, who told me Cuticura Ointment had cured her boy. I commenced using it that very night. The cure has been marvellous. Before I had used one box of Ointment her eyes were as healthy as if there had never been anything the matter with them."—Mrs. F. Phillips, Grafton Street, Waverly, Sydney, N. S. W. Reference, R. Towns & Co., Sydney, Australia.

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64, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E. C.

Descriptive Pamphlet comprising Testimonials and recent convincing tributes from notable medical men post free on application.

RHEUMATISM

The will (dated May 26, 1904), with five codicils, of Mr. ALFRED JAMES WOODHOUSE, of Helenslea, Finchley Road, formerly of Hanover Square, dentist, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 25 by Alfred Edward Clayton Woodhouse and George Edward Woodhouse, the nephews, and Alick Condell Strand, the value of the property amounting to £46,335. He gives £1000 to the Benevolent Fund of the British Dental Association; £1000 to the Dental Hospital (Leicester Square), and a further £1000 for a scholarship in dental surgery; £500 each to the Conference Hall (Mildmay Park), the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and the Missions to Seamen; £200 to the London Homoeopathic Hospital, and £200 to their fund for research in cancer; £200 to the Ragged School Union; £200 to the Kilburn and Brondesbury Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association; such a sum, as with what is collected, will pay all proper expenses of the One Tun Mission (Westminster), for the year of his death; £300 for completing the seating, or the endowment, of St. Luke's (Hampstead), and very many legacies. The ultimate residue is to go to fifteen nephews and nieces.

"Benson's Facts for Advertisers" has been revised and brought up-to-date, and the 1906-7 edition contains a mass of useful information on the following subjects—Postal information, populations, import duties, money

equivalents, weights and measures, patents and copyrights, types, proof-reading, sizes and weights of paper, etc., wood engraving, process blocks, relief blocks, electros and stereotypes, three-colour process, chromo-lithography; it also contains full lists of London and provincial newspapers and magazines, etc. The price is five shillings, the size 6½ in. by 5¼ by ¾ in.

Yet another honour has been conferred upon Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, Limited. They have just been appointed biscuit-manufacturers to H.M. the Queen of Norway. With characteristic thoroughness and promptitude the famous Reading firm has signalled the visit of Norway's Royal Family by bringing out a delicious and high-class novelty associated with the name of the little Crown Prince. "Olaf Cakes," as these dainties are called, ought soon to become as popular as the little Crown Prince himself.

Mr. H. C. Merrick, who has for so many years been chef of Boodle's Club, has severed his connection and migrated to De Vere Gardens, Kensington, where, in co-operation with other gentlemen, he has opened an hotel to be known for the future as Merrick's Hotel. It is situated on the southern border of the Park, not far from the bottom of the Broad Walk, and it is the expectation of the directors that it will prove one of the most comfortable residential hotels for bachelors and small families in the Kensington district.



The Finest Scotch Oats

deprived of every particle
of **HUSK** and **FIBRE**

combined with **PLASMON**

(the concentrated nourishment of fresh milk).

Only four minutes' boiling
required, to make
DELICIOUS PORRIDGE

PLASMON OATS

6d.
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Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

FOR
**WASTING
DISEASES
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CHILDREN.**

"In badly-nourished infants, Dr. de JONGH'S Light-brown COD LIVER OIL is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls a day will fatten a young child is astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the oil swallowed, or more; and children generally like the taste of Dr. de JONGH'S OIL, and when it is given them, often cry for more."

THOMAS HUNT, Esq.,
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Of all Chemists, in **Imperial** Capsuled Bottles.
Half Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 6s.

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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



ARE EFFECTIVE,
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For Very Bold Curls
TRY OUR
"IMPERIAL"
CURLERS.



SAME PRICE
12 CURLERS IN BOX.
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IMITATIONS.
The genuine
bear our
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Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.,
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"JUST JOUT" Black & Tan

BOOT POLISH

THE BEST MADE FOR
BOX CALF and OTHER LEATHERS
Guaranteed FREE FROM ACID

DAY & MARTIN, Ltd.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Irresistible

Dishes are those
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**Mellor's
Sauce.**

It is the sauciest of sauces and
gives a most piquant flavour to
Roast Meats, Chops,
Steaks, Cutlets.
Nothing like it for enriching gravies.

Mellor's Sauce is sold by all stores, etc.

Partake liberally of
BOVRIL, and you
are 'right' for Health,
Strength and Vigour.

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are on another "line."



Say Guard!
am I right for

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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

XMAS 1906



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WITH PRESENTATION PICTURES.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



R. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS: "OLD TUNES SET OLD FEET DANCING."

"In short, I don't believe that in youth or heyday she had ever danced so wonderfully."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

[SEE MR. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S NOTE ON PAGE 29. THE REST OF OUR SERIES OF STORIES WITHOUT WORDS BY FAMOUS NOVELISTS WILL BE FOUND IN THE NUMBER.]



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THE

Most Delicious Teas in the World
AND SECURE A GREAT SAVING IN COST.

Carriage Paid to
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Price List and
Samples sent
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Packed in
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Canisters of
Various Designs
and Sizes.



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Customers
Abroad receive
these Teas Free
of English Duty,
the Blending and
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done in the
Company's own
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Large or small
quantities will be
forwarded to any
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Write for Foreign
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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

HAS CONSTANTLY AND STEADILY INCREASED IN
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ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE CIVILISED WORLD

IDEAL AND PERFECT TABLE WATER.

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Apollinaris is charged with the Natural Carbonic Acid Gas
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Apollinaris is bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring.

Apollinaris is mildly and pleasantly alkaline.

Taken alone at meal time, without any addition, Apollinaris
acts as a refreshing tonic and restorative.

Apollinaris mixes admirably with Wines and Spirits.

Annual Sales:

1880	=	=	=	8,000,000 Bottles.
1895	=	=	=	19,500,000 „
1905	=	=	=	30,000,000 „

Fry's



FROM A Lecture on Cocoa,

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains
all that is needed to build up a living body. . . . Cocoa is
a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the
term. . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa.
I should say, use

Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

which is my Ideal of Perfection. There is No Better Food."

IN THE LAND OF KING FROST.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



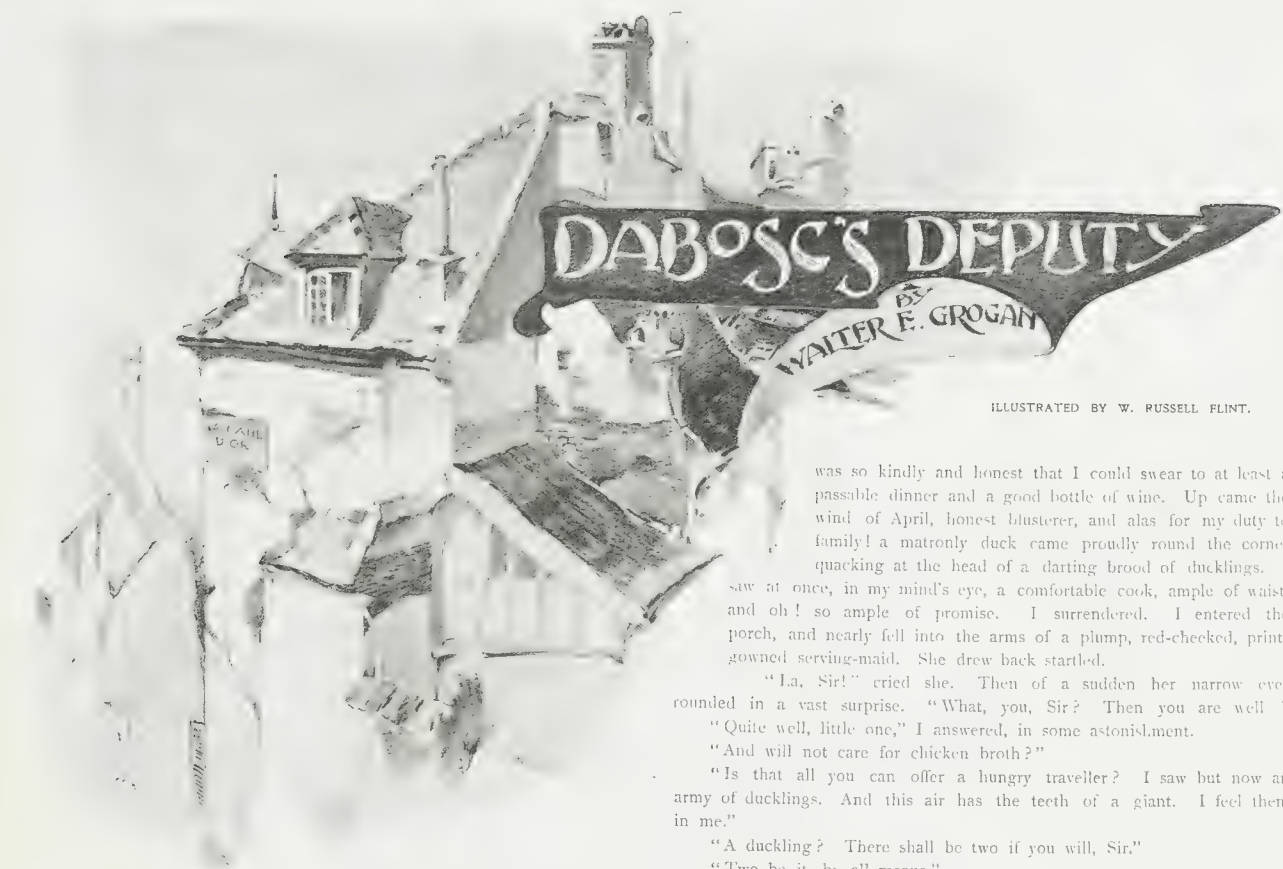
"A LUSTY WINTER, FROSTY, BUT KINDLY."

NO NEED FOR DISGUISE!

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE REAL SANTA CLAUS



ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

APRIL came smiling down the street. Above piled clouds of cream drifted over the blue. The air had the cool pleasantness of an honest country beauty. My years, count them as largely as I might, were twenty-three only. There is witchery in the twenty-third year, and add to it an April day, smiling, and you gather my mood. I was at the call of the wind. It played me a pretty tune, and set my feet dancing in fantastic ways, as you will see.

The hour was five. There was an inn on the left of the street. Imagine to yourself an inn where the roof is red-tiled, where the windows are dormer, where the porch is deep, where the white honest face of it is rugged and lined with the lean arms of climbing roses. And the sun, the cool young sun of April, as impudent as a gypsy beggar, kissing the bare honest face. No wonder in June the inn would blush all over in a thousand roses! Imagine this, and remember that a young man of twenty-three—oh, divine age!—was a little weary with walking, that the air of April, if it whisper of love, whispers also of the other appetite, and you will understand why I paused and regarded the open door.

I was on a walking tour. One perpetrates follies when one is twenty-three; and at forty-three, on my honour, one would give a right hand to be able to repeat them. The village of Permatin was the Mecca of my pilgrimage. My Aunt lived there. There are duties to be performed even when one is twenty-three. I was to visit my Aunt. Providence had been kind to my Uncle. He, good man, I hope, rested well. At least he was in good and peaceful company, for he slept with our family in the Church of Our Lady and St. Denis. My Aunt was a good woman. Even her Bishop compared with her as linen a little creased of wear with virgin snow. She had told him so. She had a niece. And I was the head of our family. So I went a journey at her bidding. I walked because I was twenty-three—an age of sudden freaks, fancies, and follies—besides, it was longer so. From Paris it was two weeks—quite two weeks. Two eyes like those of a startled fawn delayed me four days at Brimbeaux. The walks of twenty-three are beset by such eyes as the Milky Way is by stars. They were four wasted days, though, for at their close a peasant told me stolidly that she had but halted a bare two hours there. She was posting with her father from Paris on a journey. So I sighed and came away. One pays for dreams always, even if only by four days in cramped quarters and insufferable cooking. I paused irresolute before the inn. Three hours only separated me from my estimable Aunt. On the other hand the white face of the inn

was so kindly and honest that I could swear to at least a passable dinner and a good bottle of wine. Up came the wind of April, honest blusterer, and alas for my duty to family! a matronly duck came proudly round the corner quacking at the head of a darting brood of ducklings. I saw at once, in my mind's eye, a comfortable cook, ample of waist, and oh! so ample of promise. I surrendered. I entered the porch, and nearly fell into the arms of a plump, red-checked, print-gowned serving-maid. She drew back startled.

"La, Sir!" cried she. Then of a sudden her narrow eyes rounded in a vast surprise. "What, you, Sir? Then you are well."

"Quite well, little one," I answered, in some astonishment.

"And will not care for chicken broth?"

"Is that all you can offer a hungry traveller? I saw but now an army of ducklings. And this air has the teeth of a giant. I feel them in me."

"A duckling? There shall be two if you will, Sir."

"Two be it, by all means."

"Well browned, with a rich gravy?"

"You are a girl of discernment."

"And wine? My master has an excellent Burgundy."

"You should be happy serving a master who I swear must match his Burgundy."

"A Roquefort cheese?" queried this intelligent girl, in the voice of one who considers deeply.

"Go," I said. "I will not be so great a coxcomb as to teach so perfect a mistress the art of dining. But April weather will be well fed, and, Suzanne—your name should be Suzanne."

"It shall be, Sir," she answered, smiling. I make no doubt she would have blushed had she room for extra colour. As it was, she down-dropped her eyelids. And that absurdly proud maternal duck quacked again, a pastoral spur to appetite.

"And, Suzanne," I added in a great hurry, "those who are fed quickly are fed twice."

She fled down the stone passage, a flutter of print dress, black hair, honest grey hose, and heavy boots. Before her broke a storm of orders. I smiled. They concerned the preparations of my dinner. And my Aunt—alas! pleasure is no mean foe to duty. After all, should we not fortify ourselves against trials?

The noise of a chaise driven rapidly over the cobbled stones of the road set all the odd-shaped houses, which shouldered each other in an irregular and irresolute manner on either side, echoing in an alarmed fashion. The horses slid and struck sparks at the very mouth of the porch. A door was banged. In another moment a little round man came bouncing upon me. He swept his hat from his bullet head and bowed as well as his roundity permitted him.

"A thousand pardons!" he gasped. "I fear I nearly knocked you down. I am too precipitate."

"Not a word," I assured him. "I am glad you merely stumbled against me. You might have seriously injured my friend the duck."

"Your friend the duck?" he queried, in a breathless amazement. Then he stared up at me, and his little round mouth opened in the frankest astonishment.

"'Tis a duck?" he cried, as though it were the most astonishing matter that I should be myself. "You are well then?" Here came the second inquiry concerning my health from the mouth of a stranger. It seemed to me they carried courtesy to a strained limit.

"I am indeed quite well," I said gravely. I smiled as I spoke. For through a half-opened door beyond came a pleasant sputtering. Upstairs, I thought I caught a feeble calling, but the internal affairs of the inn—I remember its name was "La Cane d'Or"—interested me nothing.

This absurd globular person put a fat little forefinger to his head, and then caught at my coat-sleeve with two fat little hands.

"You come back with me!" he cried.

"I have another engagement," I answered. My ducklings were on the spit—was there ever a sweeter sizzling than that singing through the half-closed door?

"We have waited two whole weeks," he asserted dramatically.

I looked at him curiously. My Aunt had a new major-domo. Could this monstrous man be he?

"Whither would you take me?" I demanded.

He laughed, pursing his small compact lips into an absurd little "O." He shook a waggish forefinger at me. I smiled at him—he was so frankly amusing. He laughed again at my smile.

"To Dipant—to her."

My Aunt reigns at Dipant—perhaps, after all, the better word is "rules." The grey Château d'Aubergne is hers. It is not greyer than the life which—but she is a good woman.

"She is anxious to see me?" I demanded.

He coughed. It was an irritating cough. It was an embarrassed cough. It hinted at diffident subjects, of diplomacies outraged by a too-direct frankness. After all, it seemed to me that the sending of a chaise seven miles on a vague chance of finding me at an impossible inn argued a certain measure of anxiety.

"It has been arranged—" he commenced with a grave air that sat but oddly on his comical personality.

"No more," I said. "I understand. There has been little love lost between us. I pay a duty, that is all. Some creditors must be paid."

He stared at me, it seemed a little blankly. But he was relieved.

"Her high rank is well known, my dear Bertran," he commenced.

"To none better than myself," I said, a trifle haughtily if the truth be told. I wanted no rotund major-domo to instruct me as to my family. Besides, I disliked the familiarity. Twenty-three resented the Christian name on the lips of a servant, even a privileged one.

"Of course," he said. "Will you be pleased to take your seat?"

A fragrant odour stole out of the kitchen. I swear they were lordly ducklings.

"A moment!" I cried. "This engagement of mine! To be frank—I have arranged to dine."

"To dine!" His round body tried to express astonishment. Though it failed, I understood.

"This is a house of treasures hit upon hap-hazard. Two ducklings, my good Sir. Ah, may we all be as fit to die when our time comes as they undoubtedly were."

"But the hour!" he expostulated, though I saw his plump lips moisten.

"The dinner-bell has sounded within me. The hour to dine is then."

"Ah, you are young," he said sadly. There spoke the forties. A sympathy caught me—that and an appreciation of my own goodly estate.

"Youth is fleeting—so 'twere a waste not to enjoy its advantages."

"But dinner here! We have a chef from Paris. Come at once. Your soup shall be a dream, your fish superb, your entrée a foreshadowing of Paradise."

I looked at him. There was poetry in his little round eyes. A man with such a waist must be an authority.

"I come!" I cried. Then I added lustily, "Suzanne!" She came running. "I go to Dipant—I forsake the ducklings." I put a gold piece in her hand.

"To Dipant!" she cried. "Ah, Sir, the best of happiness for you!"

Surely a quaint wish, I thought, as I plunged into the interior of the chaise. My round little friend squeezed in after me, the door banged in his eager hands, and we were off. Through the porch came a valedictory whiff of those ducklings. Princes they must have been in their own

pond-world! Then I fell to wondering at the signs of a sweet reason in my Aunt. A Parisian chef! Alas, I remembered the niece! Was this a conspiracy? Was I to swallow the niece with the divine entrées of the chef? It was ominous. My Aunt—she was before all the world a good woman, a woman bristling with goodness—saw no one but members of her family. She was an anchorite. She lived in a land that might have been a desert for all she knew of her neighbours, and on an ascetic plan bred melancholia. A chef! A bait, with the hooked nose of the niece behind!

Upon these musings broke the brisk pipe of the major-domo. It was not an unpleasant voice, it was full, yet high, like the voice of a well-fed canary. But had that hypothetic canary barked at me with his little bill, I should not have experienced a greater consternation.

"Now, my dear Dabosc, if you be resigned to the loss of the ducklings, let us speak of your marriage," said this plump person, who should have been Ambassador to the culinary regions.

I gasped. At twenty-three, however, consternation is not paralysing. The wits are nimble. I retained sufficient presence of mind to remain

speechless in a contemplative fashion. In truth, it was an awkward position. Have you suffered from a double? Bertran—the fellow had the impudence to be baptised in my name—Dabosc was very like me in the cut of his features. To those who knew us well mistakes were impossible. Dabosc never had my air. To be frank, the impossible creature was vulgar. His grandfather was a small snuff-merchant; his great-grandfather never existed. But Bertran Dabosc had money—half a million, I believe—and such is the modern world that one met him everywhere. Paris permitted him to fête it. In truth, he was a good-natured, rather vulgar fool. We had met—an amusing vulgarian and educated to a limited understanding of cuisine—but I did not respond to his overtures. To move in the same orbit as a double is to multiply mischances. And now this absurd ball of a man was galloping me over a long road under the misapprehension that I was Dabosc.

The solution was clear. Dabosc was the man of the chicken-broth. Dabosc was the man whose health inspired the liveliest concern in the bosoms of Suzanne and my flamboyant friend. Dabosc was the man whose feeble call I had heard. Dabosc was to be married! And I, Bertran, the nineteenth Marquis d'Albret, with possessions—it is not well to boast, but Dabosc could not vie with me—had been mistaken for Dabosc!

For a moment I contemplated avowal. Then I remembered that I had forsworn one dinner, and that avowal would end in going hungry to the ascetic table of my Aunt. There was a chef at the end of our road. Besides, the journey was a respite, an adventurous respite.

"I am willing to speak of anything, but I warn you that my wits are at the dining-table," I answered.

"Are you not eager to see her?"

"I am always desirous of seeing her," I made reply. In truth, is not twenty-three ever open-eyed for her? In my case she suffered from a multiplicity of doubles—I met them everywhere, but she herself, the divinity was evasive.

He wagged his head appreciatively.

"She is an angel!" he said, as ecstatically as he had praised the entrée.

"I have ever held her to be so."

"But you have never seen her!"

"Never. The birthday of my life is yet to come."

"A pretty phrase, my dear Dabosc. Her portraits are but libels."

"They are absurd masquerades. I regret the time I have squandered over her many doubles."

"Yet there is some virtue in a portrait—you can see the glimmer of reason in it. I knew you by your portrait."

"Ah," I answered. "Yet they are misleading."

"She has never been to Paris. Cloistered in Dipant, she has grown up with the flowers."

"The flowers hang their heads, I'll swear."

"Her father has been conventual in his care of her. Dwindled rents and shorn acres have set a straitness about her life."



Two eyes like those
of a startled fawn delayed me
four days at Brimbeaux.

"And her father has not been so monastic for himself as he has been conventual for her."
The little round body convulsed. I heard a gurgle.

"You remember our compact? He is pig-headed. He has such a long line of ancestors."
"All equally pig-headed?" I asked.

"You may rely upon me. I fear I have been too precipitate. I will now move cautiously. A cousin should have some influence."
"Most certainly."



"Even the cousin of a wife?"
"Even so."
"When twice removed."
"When twice removed, if still resident."
"I will not forsake him."
"You are noble. And his chief is good?"

"Excellent—a prince among artists. After all, I manage his affairs well. I have weight. He shall meet you, I promise. And that before the ceremony."

"Of dinner?" I inquired. My thoughts were upon the lost ducklings. I own that I followed him but mistily.

"The marriage," he answered, as a cheerful canary might rebuke one.

"A thousand pardons!"
he gasped.

I fell to musing. It seemed that I was embarked upon a suit. She was a country maid—her long line of pig-headed ancestors despite. Dabosc was to ally his half-million with a number of more or less ornate graves. My double, I perceived, was hardly so business-like as his grandfather, who bartered dry snuff for live gold, or his father, who had been a successful alchemist with pickles.

We rattled into a courtyard. Grass grew between the cobbles, the house was large, heavy-browed, dilapidated. It had the appearance of being newly awakened from sleep. I should have known the place, for it was of some size, but when in Dipant I was in leash to my Aunt. Her visitors yawned away their hours, and all interests, even the vaguest of all, the staring at other men's abodes, were dormant.

Boufflers was the name of my friend. I learnt that before the entrée. At the end of the dinner I forgave him even the absurd mistake of confusing me with Dabosc. It was well, after all, to see the little creature's eyes open in wonderment at me. As Dabosc I perceived I had been pictured on the point of a sharp pen. Boufflers was discovering the picture to be out of drawing. The situation had the piquancy of a comedy.

Boufflers alone shared the dinner with me. I was too hungry to comment on this, so hungry indeed that I earned the envy of my good

"Nice, Monte Carlo, and the Adriatic!"
"At least he chose his monasteries with discretion. I shall see him?" My friend became ill at ease.

friend. We dined in a small room. Wax candles, a sufficiency of silver, a soft-footed servant, some pictures of value on the walls, some ominous gaps.

With liqueurs and coffee—Sèvres, delicate, fragile, fit for the touch of beauty's lips—I lit a cigar unceremoniously. Boufflers waved a plump hand at me. The hand radiated perfume.

"My dear Bertran," he expostulated, "you forget. She——"

I laid down my cigar and stared at him frankly. Who remembers after a perfect dinner anything but its subtle harmonies?

"She?" I echoed. "But in this attire, my good Boufflers?"

"I have whisked you away with no ceremony," he smiled. "She will not mind—she will pardon you that."

I thought there was a stress of irony on the last word. The Cognac was mellow. I began to be piqued by this adventure. Now was the time for full avowal, and yet I dallied.

"She is gracious," was all I said.

"To-morrow we will speak of papers."

"With all my heart," I answered aloud. Between my teeth I said, "The devil take the papers!"

He beamed, a rosy smile parted his lips, his round body inclined towards me like a big, confidential balloon.

"A notary comes to-morrow. The Vicomte will also be there."

"The pig-headed son of the long line of ancestors?" I asked.

"Of course," he said. His semicircles of eyebrows jolted heavenward in surprise.

"Of course," I repeated hastily. "Forgive me; digestion is no spur to wit. The Vicomte would naturally come with the papers."

I winked at a candle. The comedy was clearing. Some country miss was to be sold to Dabosc, and papa the Vicomte would be present at the sale ceremony. Papers were ominous. Souse would go the whole estate far, far below a vast, opulent sea of mortgages, and the descendants of Dabosc would possess an honoured name as grandmother. The affair was growing stuffy. I revolved the sentences of avowal.

"She," said Boufflers, folding his fat hands before him upon the table, "she is the daughter of the Vicomte——"

"My dear Boufflers," I said, "I never doubted——"

"You misunderstand me!" he cried hastily. "No breath of scandal tarnished the name of my cousin——"

"Twice removed," I added gravely. "Exactly."

"I thank you," he said. "I mean that she—she is proud of her family."

"Why not?" I asked. So Miss had a temper. I liked her for that—well, perhaps "liked" is too strong a word for a man who was wrestling with yawns.

"And you——" He looked as embarrassed as a cheerful plump partridge could look.

"Ah!" I said. We both coughed and looked away. It was a moment of exquisitely sympathetic silence. Then from above rang a clear, petulant voice. It had all the charm of a silver bell, it lingered upon the ear deliciously, it thrilled me; it sent all thoughts and memories of dinner tumbling out of my brain; it awakened the old dreams of the evasive "she."

"She has entered the drawing-room," Boufflers said prosaically. He is a dullard. I would not give him post as fool to such a queen. Then I remembered suddenly that I was Dabosc, and she—— I would be Dabosc!

"Perhaps——" I said, and shifted my chair invitingly.

"You anticipate me," He rose and swam towards me. There is no other word for it. His progress was that of a plump duck through a pond. Then pinching me affectionately above the elbow, he led me to the door. For a moment he paused, one plump hand upon the handle, the other playing the part of a padded pair of pincers. He tilted his head up at mine. I know there was a sparkle in my eyes. Dabosc would not sparkle. It is as hard for a man of some parts—I tell you my heart was always full of blood and my pulse variable—to play a clown as it must be for the dull clay of an indifferent actor to strut a hero.

"My dear Bertran," he said, not unkindly, "she is adorable, but she is not to be adored. Am I too precipitate? I thought you understood. This is—I would have you remember—the gloze should not be laid on too thick—that is, you are a man of business!"

The dear creature was uncomfortable. I add my assertion that the man had a heart as well as a liver. Beyond this I had stirred him to a kindly interest. May all good wives have cousins twice removed and resident. I clapped him on the back, and he shook. I laughed. The adventure had me by the nose.

"My good Boufflers, there is no man of business like me. I understand. And she is to be adored. Her voice is like the whisper of a silver god. Mark you, this Dabosc is other than you think."

He stared at me and sighed. I think he thought me mad. If he did not he betrayed a dullness of apprehension. We climbed the stairway. There had been royal carpets on it once, it was—ah, well, France was no longer royal. At a big door he stood in trepidation.

"My good Boufflers," I said, "there is no such good thing as a cigar after dinner. Let me not detain you."

The pincers relaxed in dismay. But I watched for and saw a look of relief film his eyes. Miss had a shocking bad temper! Who tamed her to the consideration of a Dabosc?

"She is alone," he expostulated. "It was a condition that I should be present."

"Then call a man, for I am journeying back."

He cried out in alarm at that. But he was malleable. He went downstairs again. I do him the justice to say he went with some reluctance.

Then I entered the room.

It was not awake. The big drawing-room drowsed as an empty cathedral drowns. At the far end, where a fire sparkled, a few tall wax candles made a shrine for Miss. Fool that I was, I had not extracted her name! But then—she was she.

I stood at the door the length of a heart-beat. The quiet illumination of the candles, the sparkle of fire, the quick turn of Miss standing, slipper on brass rod, these paled before the one astounding fact. I had found the eyes of Brimbeaux, the startled fawn's eyes for which I had searched four days—four long days of impossible feeding!

For the rest she was slender, not tall, robed in white with a hint of the days of Louis Seize—I, the pseudo Dabosc, felt the rebuke, the glance at the hundred ancestors mutely forbidding—brown-bronze hair, a mouth that could be kind cruelly masquerading in ruled haughtiness, a little hand, a small foot, a face that a queen might have deplored and an angel envied. But her eyes—they spoke a

thousand words, and held all the eloquence of the world, they steeled and glittered at me, and yet I knew their tenderness. Oh, the challenge and mystery of brown!

And I—Dabosc might have felt as I did, I felt an unutterable Dabosc, which was acute misery. I had walked out of a highway into a Court, and was alone with my robed Queen. I flashed an envy of comfortable Boufflers away from the presence. I said to myself—"In truth Miss has a temper." The words comforted by their humanness.

She had no touch of timidity—if a lackey had made her the subject of a price he was still a lackey. I loved her for that. I bowed and moved forward.

"I believe," she said, "there was to be a witness?"

"There was," I answered.

"He is not here."

"He is not, Mademoiselle."

"I will summon him! Surely—I know little of trading—it is customary to have witnesses?"

"When the good faith of either party is in question."

She bit her lip.

"What have you to say?" she demanded.

"What can a Dabosc say to you, Mademoiselle?"

She looked at me. It was the first time since those glorious eyes swept imperiously over me. It was something to have made her look.

"You are diffident!"



"I forsake the ducklings."

"Even a clown goes bareheaded in church. Is it surprising that I——?" I bowed. She bent her head and tapped her white hand with a fan.

"You have arranged a business with Boufflers," she said.

"It is yet unconfirmed."

"You are incomprehensible." She sat upon a high-backed chair. Her brow puckered. In truth, I saw she was hard driven.

What force had bent her to a Dabosc? And he was supping chicken-broth when he might—Ten bare hours before I would have scorned the thought of being beholden to Dabosc, and now I could have thanked him.

"There are papers——" I commenced.

"Oh, the bare sealing of the bargain! My good faith is indisputable." She mused awhile. Then her head was thrust back, and her glorious eyes met mine. They were cold with a hint of antagonism. "It is as well to understand the bargain fully. I am, as you know, without dowry."

"Mademoiselle, no. A queen might stand a beggar before you."

"Our family is impoverished. We are butterflies lingered into winter. My father has need of money. You have money."

"And I have need of you, Mademoiselle." This reiteration of "Mademoiselle" annoyed. How absurd to woo and have no name for the tongue.

"Of my name, of my rank. It is a pure bargain—and it is nothing else." She spoke haughtily. I had touched her to a cold anger. I was playing traitor to Dabosc. And yet I wondered and wondered how Dabosc would have played his part.

"Nothing else?" I echoed.

"Absolutely nothing else."

I was silent for a while. It was absurd this adventure, and yet how delightful! Candle light and queen radiant, and I in walking-dress incongruous. Curiously, I forgot the incongruity. Now and then I caught sight of obtrusive tweeds and shivered, but the adventure was too intense. Clothes matter nothing when the comedy grips.

"Mademoiselle, may I speak?" I asked humbly.

"Is there a need of it?" she demanded.

"May I speak?"

"I am meshed," she said ungraciously.

"A sculptor put all his dreams into marble. They were beautiful dreams. His fellows came and admired. Men of rank said the work was beautiful. And a poor man came and said, 'She is beautiful, she is so beautiful that she hurts. She is the dream I could not dream; she is the thought I could not think. She lives; she is real; she is not marble, for she is.' Mademoiselle, the others appreciated, but the poor man worshipped."

She stole a glance at me. This Dabosc was not the Dabosc impaled on a sharp pen-point.

"I do not understand you, Sir," she said, but her eyes belied her.

"The bargain is not confirmed."

"It will be," she answered.

"By you—there is another." She stared at me in frank amazement, caught by bewilderment and half-piqued.

"You speak of yourself?"

"I speak of Dabosc."

"You repudiate?" She played with her fan. Then she stretched a resolute hand to a bell-rope.

"What would you?" I demanded. I adored her for her quick, quiet anger.

"It can be easy to set you back in your inn to-night. After that, Sir, I hope to forget that I fell so low as to play shuttlecock to you!"

"I pray you listen," I implored.

"My appetite for insult is sated," she answered, but her white hand stayed.

"There is no insult, Mademoiselle. We Daboscs are clowns, rough clay, what you will, but—we have reverence. Mademoiselle, you are

incensed against me for a bargain which was drawn up, not by the clown, but by—I spare you. If we accept are we to be chidden? For, by your own rules, by the very anger that chills you now, these others should know of what you deny us knowledge. We are boorish, so how can we do better than place ourselves unrestrictedly in the hands of your family? You make your bargain despising me. For the matter of that I despise myself—if I ever consented to such terms."

She was all ablaze in new lights, new thoughts, new angers, and, oh delight! they were not ice-chilled, but warm! And, above all, wonder, a wonder that dropped her hand into her lap.

"If you ever consented?" she echoed.

"I was misled." There was a truth in that—a lone, lean Aunt might testify abundantly.

"Misled!" Hot colour burned her cheeks, her eyes danced in the candle-light. She rose—imperiously. "This is intolerable! I have been made the sport of others—we seem both to have been in the dark while others juggled with us! This is an end."

"Mademoiselle, this is a beginning."

"A beginning?"

"Believe me, I am no party to the trick. Let this be a beginning. Think no more of Dabosc—who, we will say, does not exist—but think on me. Ah, no; not that way—a little kindly, I beseech you. There was a traveller in Brimbeaux a week ago. He saw two eyes. Mademoiselle, as I speak now and breathe before you, and know only that—that I have words I dare not say—I swear to you that he has held those two eyes enshrined always—always—for seven days."

"I was in Brimbeaux seven days ago," she said softly.

"I see those two glorious, entrancing eyes again. I have made of my life an empty passing of time. I did not deserve—but even the poor shades passing to Purgatory look through the gates of Paradise."

"You were at Brimbeaux seven days ago?" she inquired.

"I was—have I not remembered?"

"But you were lying ill at the inn, sick of a—of a—oh, it is ridiculous!—of a swollen face."

The absurd Dabosc! In their illnesses these fellows betray themselves!

"Indeed I worshipped at Brimbeaux."

"But the inn, the surgeon, the daily respites?" She regarded this swollen face as Heaven-sent. Poor Dabosc!

"I have implored you to say that Dabosc does not exist."

"Does not—oh!" The sudden illumination set her cheeks flaming. A swift anger shot from her eyes. "You are not Monsieur Dabosc?"

I had found the eyes of Brimbeaux.



I lit a cigar unceremoniously.

"I am not," I said humbly, "Monsieur Dabosc."

There was a silence. Blunderers would have broken it. There is often healing in silence. After a moment I ventured a glance at her. There might have been a smile in my eyes. One crept into hers; her lips twitched, she bit them, and turned her head from the candle-light.

"Mademoiselle," I said deprecatingly, "I was a starving man. The good Boufflers—surely the most ridiculous angel that ever led a mortal to Paradise!—insisted upon dragging me from two ducklings—princes, no

less, and browning exquisitely—dangling before my nose the temptation of a Parisian chef. I thought he was an ambassador from—no matter where, but on my honour, no Paradise. Half-way here the bubble was pricked. I knew that I had been mistaken for Dabosc. He owed me reparation for that. And I was starving. So I came."

"You have been fed." She dared not look at me, and her voice was never muffled with silk. "You at least starve no longer."

"Mademoiselle, I fear I am in greater danger than ever," I answered. Her head bent lower.

"I await an expression of regret," she murmured.

"There are limits. I regret—that I cannot regret."

"It is absurd! You may not even know my name."

I was silent. That ignorance was unpardonable. One may forgive a blow, a wound to a petted honour, but an ignorance of one's name—never.

"You do not!" she said. Pique, a touch of anger, gave colour to her voice, and tore away the silk muffling.

"It should have been Helen," I answered.

"It is not," she answered quickly.

"If it were not what it is," I continued. I floundered. I looked away for inspiration. It stood on a small table clothed in silver. It was a photograph of my good friend Boufflers. In eloquent, round, fat characters it whispered, "To Gabrielle."

"And that is?" she demanded, as one demands lost property—to put the undowered at fault.

"Helen," I murmured.

Like a flash she turned to me.

"This is absurd! You know me, and I ah, Sir, the good Boufflers is indeed your guardian angel!" She looked at the photograph significantly. "You are a master of trickery. Who are you?"

"One who has robbed Dabosc and is unrepentant, and would continue to rob. Mademoiselle Gabrielle, I have told you the story of the brown eyes. That was true. I am a poor collector, harmless I hope, and I covet beautiful things."

"Have you no pity for Dabosc?"

No, on my honour, no! He has been offered a treasure, and he has contracted a swollen face! Consider, Mademoiselle, the bathos of it. A gentleman would not do such a thing."

"But who are you?"

"A thief—an unrepentant thief."

"The filcher of a dinner."

"And the robber of—treasure. Mademoiselle, I love you."

"Sir, you are mad!" But was there ever sweeter madness for any woman's ears? A woman on the brink of a grave would pause to hear such madness babbled out.

"Mademoiselle, blame not me—blame the memory of two brown eyes and the absurdity of Dabosc's swollen face. Madness it may be, but, ah, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, it is not such madness that I should vastly regret sanity."

"I should call Boufflers."

"You will not be so cruel."

"I will call Boufflers."

"Then I swear I post off for Dabosc, and bring him here willy-nilly with swollen face to plead my cause."

"He is your friend?" There was a blessed surprise in her voice.

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle."

"Your enemy?" Satisfaction sat in her tones.

"He has not yet achieved that distinction. We are indifferent to each other. I allow that he has fed many of my friends handsomely; he regrets that hitherto he has not been able to benefit me."

"But how will he plead your cause?"

"By his presence. Ah, Mademoiselle, you are in a pitiful way. You are between the Scylla of Dabosc, swollen face and absence of grandfathers and all, and the Charybdis of one who loves you and is humble in your presence."

"I had not noticed it, Sir."

"You look too frequently away. I grant you an unworthy Charybdis, for there be none fit to hold this great treasure. But as an alternative—graceless word, but my sole hope—will you think?"

"You have known me a bare half-hour!"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I have known you all my life. The glamour of the starred net of night has taught me of you, the south wind has sung me songs of your beauty, I have waited for you for years."

"You have never seen me before."

"Once at Brimbeaux. Four days and nights in an impudently named inn should render your heart tender."

"Never otherwise?"

"Never, save by inadequate and graceless deputy."

She laughed. "You have wandered!" she cried.

"I have been diligent in my search. Consider," I continued, "the alternative. Your choice must alight on me if you would not have Dabosc thrust upon you. I am no laggard—I lie not in bed to hide a swollen face. I pray you give very grave consideration to the alternative."

"I fear I could not consider you gravely." She laughed at me.

"Then merrily. Shall I post for Dabosc?" I saw her shrink—a young girl shrinking from a life's sacrifice. I loved her well. My tones were graver. "Mademoiselle, you shrink. At least consider. 'I love you. I want no ready-made stock of ancestors, I do not barter. I want you because my heart is lonely without you. I desire you because I have waited for you as a leaf born in the night waits for the rising of the sun.' I caught her hand and kissed it. Then I drew back."

She looked questioningly at her hand, and dallied with her thoughts. I confess my heart beat intolerably.

"Monsieur le Comte—my father—" she said.

"There will be no difficulty there," I smiled. It was apparent that it was not Dabosc the Comte required.

"I know you but little," she objected.

"But that little is more than your knowledge of Dabosc, and it is a matter easy to mend. 'Tis a way out. Let me see your father and gain a seven days' truce. Then you shall give me your decision."

"A truce—or a siege."

She smiled.

"Both—a truce to Dabosc—and—happiness to me."

"Truces are acts of mercy. Mercy is a quality of my sex." She flashed a look at me. In her brown eyes I discovered a heaven of security.

"You consent?" I cried.

"I consent—Monsieur Charybdis. Have you another name?"

"Bertran de Rind-el, whom some style Marquis d'Albret."

"The nephew of—"

"Exactly," I answered.

"But her relationship is accidental. I am considerably informed that my regretted uncle even was unable to help it. She insisted, and he—we men are really weak. Visit not the sins of the aunt upon the nephew. Now for your father—Ah, pardon me, his name?"

"The Comte de Gonville."

"We are acquainted," I said gravely. I had met him once.

He had lost heavily at Monte. He was a forgetful man. I make allowances for these distressing lapses.

At the foot of the stairs I came upon Boufflers.

"My inestimable friend, I must see the Comte."

"My dear Dabosc," he expostulated, "he will have nothing to do with you—except in the presence of the notary."

"He won't see Dabosc—there he is right. But he will see me, I venture to think. My dear Boufflers, you have made a delightful blunder. I am not Dabosc. I am Bertran de Rind-el."

"The Marquis d'Albret?"

"Exactly. And Dabosc's deputy. My excellent friend, what degree of relationship, and how far removed, will exist between us?"

THE END.



"The glamour of the starred net of night,"

"EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE."

DRAWN BY G. BLAKENEY WARD.



HIS LORDSHIP CHOOSES HIS MOTOR-CAR.

AN ALARMING DISAPPEARANCE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



"Come guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it

"From him, who alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,

To watch it."—HERRICK

AN UNWORTHY GUARDIAN OF THE TURKEY.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NARROW SHAVE FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"THE MISTLETOE HUNG IN THE CASTLE HALL."

DRAWN BY E. S. KLEMPNER.



BAITING THE HOOK



A VISIT TO THE ENCHANTRESS

BY
MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER

BOB HOUSTON stood in the street—a very Mecca of fashion—and stared about him. He had just emerged from his tailor's and had no particular plans for the morning. This street had always amused him. Now that he had been out of his own country for so many years it amused him even more than formerly, when he prided himself upon his fashionable knowledge, and took his place in the social race for enjoyment, sensation, and decent notoriety. But the amusement, like his figure, in the eyes of the tailor, had changed. It was, like his figure, more robust. And quite half of it consisted in his asking himself why such and such things, which now appeared so absurdly insignificant, should in old days have excited his supreme interest. There was Barstock's now—the premises of the art connoisseur in whose sale-rooms all sorts of exquisite things from overseas came under the hammer, and where the most notorious and shady person in a great city joggled elbows with the most renowned and honoured. That crowd at Barstock's was a world-famed crowd. Not a few international scandals could be told about it, and as for social farces and tragedies, many an item in the sale-lists and many a face among the bidders bore witness to those. The entrance to Barstock's was exactly opposite the tailor's. This was a safe day. There was the same crowd—or very much the same, as Bob Houston had seen it fifteen years ago, before he went to make money abroad in a desert-place where there is neither art nor connoisseur, neither good taste nor bad—a place where a long drink, a soft bed, and a full stomach are the aim and end of every day. How absurd it seemed this Barstock place! And how the types of men and women who came and went to it seemed to have dwindled to a kind of banal grotesqueness, wearing a spurious conventionality which, in old days they never seemed to wear! To the right of Barstock's was a famous provision-monger, an Italian, the only man in the great city who, in Bob Houston's opinion, knew how to make sausages—the tiny ones, short and savoury, such as those which are supplied to palaces. And beyond was a certain great photographer, where Bob was a frequent visitor. How many hours had he not wasted in that studio—in fancy dress, in Court dress, in polo costume, in hunting dress!

And yet the street was amusing still. The traffic was just as ridiculously blocked, there were the same humours of roadway and pavement, the same fire of repartee was kept up between the drivers and the errand-boys or cyclists, the same deadly rivalry between motor-men and carriage-men. And the stream of pretty women went on as before, languorous, fragile creatures, in ones and two and threes, attended by their maid or escorted by dowagers, male relatives, friends. They were to some extent a new type—superficially. But the substratum of convention remained the same. Superficially each dazzling, dainty, aristocratic creature had her idiosyncrasies, her apparent characteristics. She was, taken separately and at the outset, a human being, a personality. There was—she mused—certainly more personality about these girls than about the ones, say, a decade ago. There was more decision in their faces, an impression that they were holder to grasp life and use it, not sit till their mothers brought a slice of it to their feet in the shape of a husband, for better or for worse. These girls

had the power of choice. The mothers had abdicated. But—and his accustomed habit of cynicism overpowered all previous impressions—this was a mere pretence. They might to some extent choose the man they would marry, but all the rest of life had been chosen for them from their birth. They would act after marriage as before it—in the manner of the herd to which they belonged. They would act as they moved—in herds. And this because they thought in herds! They would travel through life in a circle like a clock. Some men who wanted all the advantages of a fashionable marriage while yet preserving a bachelor's independence would find in these herd-women perfect wives. They were each the spokes in a great social wheel that must

be kept revolving for the satisfaction of a particular class and the avarice and exploitation of God-knows-what in the way of sports and pastimes, industries, cults—greater and minor—and all kinds of commerce. Now it—

Ah! Who was that? A lady bowed to him. She was one of the beautiful ones, too. The boy with her, evidently from a public school and evidently her brother, whipped off his hat. And now she paused before the next window full of bonbons. And Bob Houston, willy nilly, went up to them, with apology for his stupidity in not recognising her at once. She excused him prettily.

"I was only a schoolgirl when you saw me, you know," she said, "and it is six years ago. Besides, so many things have happened since. Father has come into the title. It is all very interesting."

"Very, I am sure," answered Bob; "and so you are Lady Alicia now?"

"All that," put in the schoolboy, twinkling. "But they've left me plain Bill Lesters, thank goodness! I hate Honourables and titles stuck on. The chaps laugh at one so disgustingly. Father says I needn't use it unless I like, except for documents and rubbish of that sort. But I shan't sign any—I'm going to sea some day. I hate anything else."

"Will you come to a polo match in our party to-day, Mr. Houston?" asked the girl. Her manner was full of social patronage.

"Oh, thank you..." Bob hesitated. Ten years ago the mother of the girl would have given the invitation.

"Don't be shot standing," said the schoolboy. "There are plenty of matches going. Alicia is sick of them, she says."

"Then why do you go?" Bob asked the girl.

"Bill is absurd. I'm not sick of them. One gets a little tired sometimes. But one must do these things, especially when one has come up to town for them. What's the good of being in town if you don't join in what is going on?"

"I suppose that is true," said Houston.

"Will you come?"

"If you wish it," said Bob.

"That is why I asked you," answered Lady Alicia. Quite suddenly she blushed, bowed hurriedly, and moved on.

The schoolboy plucked her by the sleeve and she turned.

"How stupid of me!" she said laughing. "I never told you where to meet us. It's the 'Woodland Club'—that new place. Any cabman knows it. We shall be down there by four, and you will find us by the big Italian fountain where the large Jap umbrellas are planted. It is the best place for seeing, and so deliciously cool. It will be all right about the ticket. Papa's on the committee, and will hand in a voucher for you and leave your name at the gate. Au revoir."

Once more her languorous manner had returned. She was the aristocratic, conventional damsel who travels along the same groove as others. Bob Houston understood it all perfectly. She had blushed because, for a single instant, she had gone back upon her training and forgotten to be

He did not flatter himself that the blush had any reference to himself; it was merely ordinary shyness at his direct question. But she had

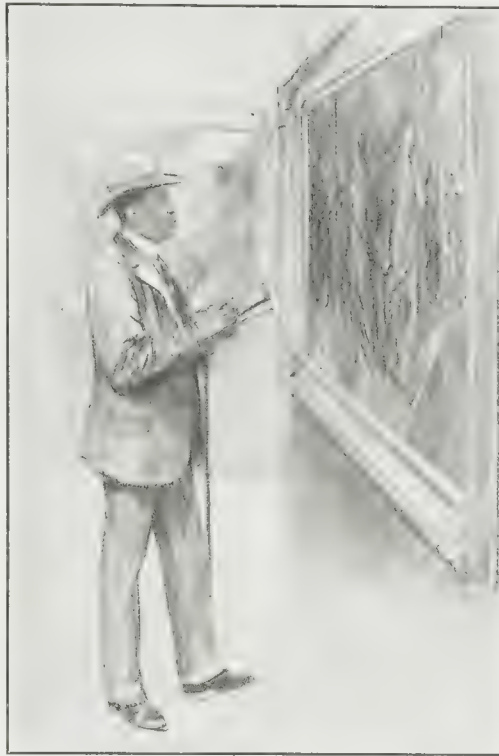
Egotism, Vanity, Greed, and Cowardice. And everywhere, everywhere the story of holy love triumphed. "Success" was represented as the figure of Simplicity, a crowned queen with all the great gifts of life at her feet—love and marriage, motherhood and fatherhood, high friendship, truth, innocent joy, labour well crowned, holy rest, courage in the face of death.

Again and again he went through the list of pictures, enamoured of their marvellous colour, their atmosphere, the intensity of their appeal. He went through them as a man under a spell. Here it was at last—the thing for which he sought in the faces of the modern men, in the movements of the everyday world, in its arts and industries—enchantment!

Presently he ticked off half-a-dozen of the titles in the list and conferred with the curator of the gallery. The man, delighted at the prospect of such a brisk sale, prepared himself for suave bargaining. The buyer showed no desire to pay anything but the listed price, and produced a cheque-book. The business side of it all obviously bored him. The curator was emboldened to mention some loose sketches by the same artist. Bob Houston, still under the spell, looked at them. A couple struck him as particularly attractive. Tastelessly framed, they would make a good wedding-present for someone. He bought these also, and then he turned to ask the curator's advice as to a framer. The man suggested reference to Miss Burnham. A special framer worked for her, and would design the right thing. The address of the man was only known to her.

Ha! that was an idea—quite an idea!

Bob thought it out on the way home as he looked at the address the gallery people had given him. It would be a first-rate excuse for a visit to the artist herself. He could take the sketches to her. By that time she would know of his acquisition of her pictures, and that would incline her to graciousness. If she were shy it would break the ice a little, and give him the advantage from the beginning. He was dying to meet this woman



He passed on to the next picture.

with the superb colour-sense, the poetic impulse, the intense humanity. He tried to imagine her—a radiant personality, a woman hungry for love and all the blessings of love. Edmund Greenhaugh had mentioned that she battled for her living. What a tragedy might be here in this young, beautiful woman, hungry for life and love and motherhood, who poured into paint and canvas her passionate daydreams!

Bob Houston indited a very careful letter, asking for an appointment on the following afternoon, dispatched it by hand, and found himself with barely time enough to lunch and dress for the polo match.

It was a superb afternoon, and he was less bored than he thought because the spell of the morning lay yet upon him. He looked at the men and women around him through the enchanted spectacles of the morning. Sometimes he could almost forget they were vulgar moderns, ogling one another, envying one another, pursuing first this butterfly object and then that. Sometimes they almost wore a large epic significance, and sometimes seemed only symbols, dreams which flitted past. And then—quite suddenly their antics would break the spell, and he would swear to himself that they were no things of flesh and blood, but only puppets of muslin and silk, of tweed and cloth. Beauty and handsomeness enough they had and to spare, these muslin and silk and tweed puppets. Nowhere could more beautiful women be seen, ripe, coquettish, audacious—nay, almost provocative—always seen through that predominant veil of convention which attracted and tantalised a man. Would

these people ever understand the poignant message which Life and Nature had to give them? Alicia Lesters reminded him again and again—her mere features—of the queenly people in "Allegories in Colour." Out of that flowered flimsy French muslin and blue ribbons, and with real roses in hair—which should hang to her waist instead of being artificially waved and all its glory buried underneath a great roof of straw and



"Do you believe in enchantment?" he asked.

counterfeit flowers—Alicia would be a living, breathing, thinking woman. She was not alive now, she was merely walking in her sleep. She breathed, it is true, but only drank in life in little feeble draughts. This—the polo-ground, the pink and white ices, the thin shoes, the lace frills, the tight gloves, the compliments, the trimmed greensward with its conventional flower-beds—this, to Lady Alicia, was life. It would always be her life. Apart from it she and her sisters and the other women there, young and old, would shrivel. Their very souls would turn to dust if they were denied it, and their world become a vast horrible hollow! It would be good to bring them face to face with a girl like Gladys Burnham—to shame them, experiment on them. It might be cruel perhaps. But that kind of cruelty was better than the blindness in which they were suffered to continue. The day must come when these women would turn and curse the world and the men and women who fostered the lies about happiness and love. They were being sacrificed willingly because they knew nothing better. Once, when sickened of keeping up a trivial conversation, he blurted out his secret thought suddenly to Alicia.

"Do you believe in enchantment?" he asked.

"It's all enchanting, isn't it?" she assented, with a little laugh and blush, assuming that he paid her invitation the supreme compliment it deserved. What other significance could his words have?

"It is all very charming," was his slow answer, "but I was using the word enchantment in a rather peculiar sense. I applied it to life in general. You know one can't be enchanted always. Some poor beggars don't ever get near it. They accept life and its facts and go through with them. Those who fall from the worldly point of view give up all hope of it—of that intense joy in life, that intoxication which comes when the one thing the heart desires is gained. But even under failure the heart can find enchantment in life. Of the successful ones many are content with success. But others know that the success cannot bring enchantment. Very often it is the reverse. And yet the enchantment is there somewhere. It has to be sought."

"Yes," answered Lady Alicia, doubtful of his meaning; "I suppose one has to be rather extra sentimental if one disdains success though. I don't think that when one has got what one wants it is any good hunting about for a thing vaguely."

She turned her attention to the polo once more, and nodded to yet a new friend, a young officer. Dexterously and with naïveté she began to play him off against Bob. Presently he was aroused and made a stand. In a little while the new-comer retired. Bob Houston felt ridiculously pleased with himself, and in some inexplicable way had the impression that the girl approved of him. He had risen to the occasion exactly as she desired. As she desired, forsooth! He was a little annoyed with himself for obeying her silken reins at all. But the comedy of the social merry-go-round triumphed. He laughed at himself; the old Adam was not yet subdued in him. But the new Adam would have something to say to it in a few days when he had talked with Gladys Burnham. It was pleasant to think of that answer from her which awaited him in his rooms.

There it lay . . . on his return. The handwriting was gracious, yet bold. He saw invitation in every line. But it was annoying to know that he could not visit her for a fortnight, for she was going out of town to make some landscape and garden studies for a picture.

II

The fortnight was over at last; such a fortnight as it had been, with social engagements for every hour of the day, a fortnight adorned with all kinds of petty extravagance and luxury, and crammed with faces, faces, faces, ugly and beautiful. And the women's clothes! They were dazzling, yet sickening in their superfluous ornament. They were alluring, and yet their luxury enraged him. What a social kaleidoscope of truth and untruth, of intrigue and naïve obvious purpose, or of rare diplomacy and uncompromising blunder on the part of himself and his neighbours that fortnight contained! Sometimes it seemed to him that Lady Alicia was the one point of anchorage. She favoured him openly, while other men envied him for it so openly that he felt himself in gratitude bound to do her homage. And yet he displayed towards her a certain quizzical aspect which was his safeguard. Had he but known it, it was also his chief attraction in her eyes. She was piqued, and held by it. He had told her of the picture exhibition, raved to her of the artist, mentioned his appointment to meet Miss Burnham.

"I don't like arty women," was her flippant response. Whereat he smiled with superior wisdom.

And now his cab was taking him northwards to where she lived, probably in a little cottage. "6, Hetty's Corner," was the address. He could picture it—a little, low-roofed place, unpretending, but real—standing among other cottages at the corner of a road once in the heart of the country.

The cab stopped. Surely this could not be the place, a dirty thoroughfare with trams and all kinds of traffic, flanked on that side by petty, squalid shops, on this by high tenement buildings built over shops.

Yes; there was the name, "Hetty's Corner," and the name was the only remnant of the old hamlet of which he had read in books about this great city. He climbed flight after flight of stuffy stone stairs, and paused to regain his breath ere he rang at No. 6. How his soul revolted at the thought of this woman of the vivid temperament and the splendid gifts housed in such a rabbit-warren of mean souls! They could not but be mean and common, the people who lived in such a pack, in such a hideous quarter!

Now the door opened. Before him stood a short, stubby woman with hair lustreless and untidy, her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, her hands stained in patches, her dress a species of linsey-woolsey affair, not even

hanging straight from the throat in "arty" style, but divided into a skirt and a bodice, which made the absence of corsets far more painful than in any other garb.

"Not at home," said the woman abruptly. "Not at home except by appointment."

"But she gave me an appointment," argued Bob Houston. "Here is her letter. Please take this card to Miss Burnham and tell her that I can easily come back in an hour or so if she is engaged. I've nothing to do this afternoon."

The woman laughed awkwardly.

"Oh—it's all right if it's you, Mr. Houston. I thought you might be a stray caller who wanted me to paint a likeness in one sitting. Come in."

He followed her into a sitting-room full of uncomfortable, ramshackle furniture. Some of it had been good Italian mediæval stuff. But it was rickety, and was supplemented with cheap bamboo and basket-work articles. The place was littered with things—scraps of drapery, unsorted papers, dirty brushes, stumps of pencil and chalk. There was dust on ledges and books and frames; an iron pot of onions was stewing slowly on the fire. The fireplace was modern—of the shabbiest kind.

"I expected you later," the woman said. She suddenly remembered her sleeves and began to roll them down. "I was getting ready one or two new things I should like you to see."

"Oh—I should like to go into your studio so much," he answered. His own voice sounded very far away. The disappointment had stunned him. The disillusionment was cruel. Perhaps, perhaps in a different dress, with fingers cleansed from paint-stains and hair decently braided, she would be less repellent; even romantic in a new, odd, ascetic sense.

"My studio isn't here. It's nearer town. I share it with another woman, and to-day she wanted it to herself, so I brought some of my work home."

He stumbled out a formal conventional appreciation of her pictures and apologised for "fulsomeness."

"I don't think you are fulsome," she said pleasantly: "you see, I've made a name now. I've slaved for it enough, Heaven knows! But I shall always have to slave. You see, I support my family—or what remains of it. They are all consumptive, and they want such a lot of doctoring and cures and things. I've lived with disease all my life."

"How curious!"

"Is it? I hate disease."

"And so you paint the bright things—all the romance of life, all the strong and beautiful people? How pathetic!"

"The bright things pay, you know," she returned seriously. "You get good notices of them, too, in the papers. People don't like to dwell upon things that aren't gay and glowing. I should like you to look at my Press notices."

She thrust a large album under his nose. "My value is going up by leaps and bounds, you know," she added—and stood opposite with arms akimbo.

"Why not?" he answered cheerfully, for lack of a better remark.

"In a year's time those six subjects you bought will be worth half as much again," she pronounced prophetically.

"Why not?" he said awkwardly again, and added: "I say, won't you tell me what you really want for them? It occurred to me after I had signed the cheque that the gallery people took a big bite out of it before they sent it on to you."

Her face grew keener.

"They're all thieves," she said. "I believe I could have priced everything higher right through, but they're such weak-livered, timid idiots, afraid that I hadn't a big enough public and that higher prices would deter the sale. They don't realise what a name I have now."

"Well—won't you tell me . . . ?"

She coloured. It was an odd, brick-red blush which spread itself over her oatmeal-coloured face. She stroked back her dank, brownish hair before she answered him.

"It's nice of you. You are different from most of my clients. But I can't afford to be unbusinesslike. It was the listed price, and if I take any more the gallery people ought to share. I've an agreement with them."

Her resentful, yet just outlook gave him satisfaction.

"But the two pictures I have here—those have not been exhibited yet," she said quickly. "I can do as I choose about *them*." She sat down with awkward suddenness.

"Why not?" he remarked, repeating himself idiotically. He did not want to buy any more pictures just then, and it depressed him to be treated by this woman as a fly useful to the purposes of a spider. He had succumbed to that rôle financially and socially too often since his return to civilised cities.

"About these unframed sketches I have brought with me," he began desperately: "what frames will you prefer? I should like them to have a setting worthy of them."

She entered with zest into the matter.

"Perhaps you'd lend them for exhibition some day if I wanted," she added.

"Of course."

"They're part of a big sequence, really," she went on eagerly; "the two canvases I've been touching up in the other room are part of it. I'll bring them in."

So he was in for it! She arranged them in the best possible light, discoursed upon them in jerky sentences, like a showman talking to a person of limited intelligence, then suddenly bethought herself of tea, and disappeared to make it.

Left alone, he reviewed the situation with grim humour. Here he was in the lair of the Enchantress, the one woman who, after many years engulfed in that all-absorbing craft known as "getting on," had spoken to the ardent romance in him, the idiotic, quixotic, delicious idealism which lies in every heart—still and beautiful and hidden like a subterranean tarn. The cold winter of this secret lake of fantasy had warmed at another's breath, the hidden waters had welled to the surface, had overflowed it, flooding life, moods, episodes, triviality, every stock and stone of the matter-of-fact existence. Here he had come, hoping to learn wisdom enough to stem that flood, direct it, make life fertile and beautiful through it once for all. He had many questions to ask her, such as: "Do you think that all Love must include sacrifice?" "And if Sacrifice and Love must go together, surely you will agree that idyll is only a thing for the poets, and happiness is never an absolute matter?" And again: "Why do you always tilt at Wealth in your pictures?"

Oh! there were heaps of things he wanted to say. He wanted to get her to talk about herself—this Enchantress. And here she was—in person a weary drudge in linsey-woolsey, ill-favoured, rough-haired. And she wanted him to buy two more of her pictures. She had let him come there for the purpose of securing him as a client. From the very

allegories—love, I mean, and motherhood, and all the romance about youth and so on?"

"You think about the things you'll never have," she replied, with her odd little laugh; but she did not change colour. "When I was at my hungriest as an art-student, and had to do with one meal a day instead of three like other people, I was in the still-life room at the art school, and I always chose to paint studies of food—fruit and fish and things like that. I cheated myself into thinking I had them. And later on, when I had food enough, I was hungry for other things. So I painted them. And after all there was some compensation. I couldn't have the things actually, but painting them brought me more than my own living. And now I'm saving. That's why I live in this little place. In five years I shall move nearer Town, and I shall travel. I shall become a personality like the big men painters. You have to entertain a bit for that. I shall have a large studio and give receptions. I hope you will come and see me then."

He made his adieux and descended the stairs. All of a sudden he heard her steps pattering down after him. He turned with a polite smile of inquiry.

"I—I only forgot to ask you when you give the frame-man your order



"I will have this one, then, if I may."

first she had spoken, not of joy in her art or delight in her dreams, but of prices, commissions, and her market value. Any dignity she had consisted of professional pride; any attraction, in her strange, defiant, bizarre attitude towards life in general.

She re-entered the room carrying the tea. It was shocking tea, and the butter on the bread was rancid. She poured out a cup, but took none herself. She fidgeted and began to rearrange the two sketches in a different light.

"It's my best work," she said impressively: "it's better than anything in this or any other show to which I have sent work."

"That's as it should be," he rejoined. He put down his cup and rose. "I don't know yet which I like best," he went on, "but I think it is this one. Yes, this is the one—the picture of 'Unsuccess.' It is a superb idea to have conceived Unsuccess as a great angel-mother who broods over those who have not accomplished what they hoped."

She softened. "I am glad you see it as I saw it."

"And to have called it 'Unsuccess' instead of 'Failure'—which is such a hopeless word—that was the last touch of inspiration."

"I am so glad," she said again, warmly; "it is such a relief not to have to explain things to one's . . . clients."

"I will have this one, then, if I may," he said, and fumbled for his cheque-book.

"They're a pair," she rapped out quickly.

He bought the pair. While she packed them up he stared at her and remarked suddenly: "When did you think out all the things in your

to be sure and mention my name," she explained. The brick-red colour broke over her cheeks. "It—it makes a difference to me, you see," she added hurriedly, "and the man would charge you just the same in any case." Then she turned abruptly and disappeared up the stair.

"Well? Was she very arty?" asked a light voice.

Bob Houston, seated in the tented balcony of a great house where a season ball was in full swing, turned to his partner.

"Not exactly," he answered, "but she was quite unlike her beautiful pictures."

"Poor dear," rejoined Lady Alicia. There was flippant patronage in her voice.

"She is poor. She drudges for a consumptive family. She has never had any youth. She has never been to a ball or had a decent dress, or anyone to make love to her."

"And so you've been buying her pictures to help her? How nice of you!" In her tone was real friendship and pity. "Sometimes," she said complacently, "that type of woman doesn't want the other things. She has quite different aims."

"Perhaps!" he said drily. He glanced at her sideways. She was so innocent of cruelty, so perfectly unconscious; how could one blame her? Her beauty ensnared him. He yielded to the spell of it. Was this the true Enchantress?

He saw the road laid down for him, and, like the average man, took the line of least resistance.

THE END.

WALTER WOOD'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"FOILED BY KING FROST."

"The men at the wheel volunteer for the forlorn hope, and the skipper orders the boat out. Axes and boiling water are fetched; both are necessary, because the tackle is frozen."

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



"THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO GETS HIS SHOT IN FIRST."

"There was I, with a dead nag by the wayside, sore of a cracked crown, and outwitted by a stripling with a pretty voice."

[SEE MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S NOTE ON PAGE 27.]

MAYNE LINDSAY'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



"THE BRIDE OF SILENCE."

"The glimmer was meagre enough; but it showed the Crusader all he had won—and lost."

[SEE MAYNE LINDSAY'S NOTE ON PAGE 29.]

FLORA ANNIE STEEL'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"LIFE! LIFE AT LAST!": A RAJAH'S INHERITANCE.

"On its dead father's throne, playing with the chieftain's heron's plume on its dead father's turban, sat all unconcerned a boy baby of some eighteen months old."

[SEE MRS. STEEL'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]

MAX PEMBERTON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY A FORESTIER.



"A FOOL CAN KEEP SAFE COUNSEL."

"Monsieur Chicot, the King's Jester, has caught the rose intended for the Count of Blois, and will know very well what to do with it."

[SEE MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]

BERNARD CAPES' SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO



"AN UNFORESEEN DETECTION."

"Hauling the body after him, he stands, half way up the plank, transfixed and gazing upwards. A balloon is just showing itself, drifting pretty low over the lip of the quarry."

[SEE MR. CAPES' NOTE ON PAGE 30.]

E. F. BENSON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY FRED PEGRAM.



"THE END OF THE SONG."

"'But isn't it divine that all that poem should have been here to-night?' . . . 'And you,' he said, 'the last verse of it.'"

[SEE MR. E. F. BENSON'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]

EGERTON CASTLE'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY ALEC C. BALL



"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

"I knew, as, indeed, did all present, that the bride was dying fast-dying o' the Plague."

[SEE MR. EGERTON CASTLE'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]

SEUMAS MACMANUS'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



"VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH THE LORD"—THE PRIEST'S PLEA.

"Father Dominic dashes in—'Yes, I have something to say why *you* should not pass sentence of death upon this man—Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

[SEE MR. MACMANUS'S NOTE ON PAGE 26.]

Great Novelists' Suggestions

SEE THE SERIES OF PICTURES

for Stories Without Words

LAID OUT IN THE NUMBER.

"OLD TUNES SET OLD FEET DANCING."

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

A letter from Lady Camilla Despard to her promised husband, Sir Humphrey Langbournville.

"The Peacock Inn, Eytton, in the High Peak,
"Barnaby Bright, 1755.

"DEAR ONE,—Here we rest for the night, after a not disagreeable journey from Derby. The place is quaint and tolerable, though—so far as I can learn—all the village folk, men and women alike, delve for lead. But 'tis not to describe 'em that I write; instead, I wish to tell you of a whim of my revered grandame's, which makes a vastly pretty story.

"Our equipage reached here in the early evening; at the 'lylgate' we heard the sound of piping and singing, and were told that 'twas the village 'Wakes.' Further, just beyond the church, we came upon a little valley that ran from afrent the Hall to the river, where every villager that was not bedridden danced with astounding agility. At the sight, Madam would stop, buntle me out of the carriage, and order the chaplain and our women out of 't'other.

"We passed down to a lawn, smooth and green as the top of any card-table, and there watched for awhile. Madam's two great blackamoors, Pompey and Brutus, stood behind us; the parson and the abigails paused at a respectful distance.

"An odd fellow was fiddling—one who had some vague look of ancient quality. I took him to be twenty years older than Madam, who's eighty come St. Swithin's.

"His eyes—purbli! he seemed—set oddly on my Dowager, who stood resting one hand on her crutch, 't'other on my arm. The dancers stopped soon to gape and whisper amongst themselves, pointing and gesticulating at us, and mopping and mowing at the two negroes, whom I dare swear they took for devils.

"And now comes her Grace's whim. She called the old music-fellow to her side, asked him if he knew 'The Weaving of the Bands,' and when he replied in the queerest trembling voice, she bade him play to her dancing.

"In short, I don't believe that in youth or heyday she had ever danced so wonderfully. And when 'twas finished, the old man broke his stings and turned aside his face.

"*"C'est la grâce!"* I heard him say—I know not whether as a play upon her quality.

"She offered him her namlincence, which, as the world knows, is that of a queen. The dotard bowed—in a forgotten style—declined very gallantly, and swore that the honour of making music to her dancing was enough to render him immortal. . . "

FOILED BY KING FROST.

By WALTER WOOD

THE skipper looks at the helpless wreck, then at the seas—seas so vast that the hulk vanishes from his view as the steamboats roll into the hollows. It is touch-and-go with death; yet no dangers can daunt him, for he hears cries for help, faintly, in the roar of wind and water, and it is the law of North Sea brotherhood that these appeals shall not be made in vain. He looks again. Even a trawler's boat can scarcely live in such a welter; but he shouts that he is coming. The men at the wheel volunteer for the forlorn hope, and the skipper orders the boat out. Axes and boiling water are fetched; both are necessary, because the rickie is frozen.

Twenty minutes pass—an eternity of torture for the helpless wretches on the wreck, yet they can only wait and pray that she will live until the boat tries to reach them.

Ten minutes more—twenty, and twenty still; a long drawn hour of agony for those who wait, and giant's toil for those who seek to save them.

The tackle is clear at last; the valiant crew struggle with the boat and gear on the ice-clad deck; the boat is hurled over the rail and into the swamping sea; the volunteers tumble in as chance affords, and the greatest peril of the Dogger, open-boat work, is encountered, Dogger fashion, when the rowers stand to their work and fight their broad, squat craft towards the sinking vessel. The skipper faces the bows and the mate the stern, the third hand ready to help to make the painter fast and bear a hand when they get alongside.

They fight their way, foot by foot only, from ship to ship. They are almost at the hulk, when a towering, broken sea advances. They hear its roar and feel it overwhelm them. But, by skill and pluck, they keep their boat afloat.

When the wave comes charging down, they see the hulk swerve and shiver; they hear a last despairing, muffled cry, and the louder shout from their own steamboat, "Too late! She's gone!"

They desperately row in their ship.

Death, whose pace is swift on the Dogger, has run the faster now.

"THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO GETS HIS SHOT IN FIRST."

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

(Time 1880. Extract from the Memoirs of Richard Ryder, alias Gullflying Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

"THOUGH I have been in dire straits time and again, 'twas the only occasion that I can remember to have thought shame of myself. To have been thus bamboozled by a smooth-faced chicken, that looked as if he gaped from his mother's apron with eyes and mouth alike, was to make me no better in my wits than a curvy cut-purse. It happened nigh the Punchbowl on the way to

Portsmouth, and some miles due side of the Seven Thorns. The coach was crawling up the hill, the horses' legs droop with the burthen behind their tails, and the driver comfortable on his box in the sharp December air. Lord I mighty soon had 'em stopped, and a pack of scared fags at the window. There was gold and jewels there and to spare, and, damme, this pink-faced apprentice, or whatever he was. There was a Madam, merry and painted, of a great consequence, I'll warrant; but her face was as sour as swipes as she looked along my Barker. And there was an old gentleman that took snuff in his agitation, and called God to witness he had nought.

"Oli," says I, "I'll make nix something in that case. I have a tender heart for the poor," says I, "I have." And I bade 'em deliver, the which they were reluctant to do, until my young tame cockered lifted his voice.

"Sir," says he, sweetly, "if you have a tender heart for the poor, I'll vow you have it for poor dumb beasts."

"That is so," said I. "I am merciful to beasts, as the Scripture saith."

"Then," said he, "our leader there is bad of a spavin, and to keep him thus with the press and strain of the coach upon this incline is sheer cruelty. Let us resume our way to the top, and in the meantime, Captain, I will make a collection for you."

"It was fair enough spoken, and I nodded. 'You take like a man,' said I, and slapped up the horses. The coach rolled slowly up, and I beside it on my nag. And sure enough there was my bow-headed bantam going through the company for me, Madam and Signor and the fat merchant and all. He had a bag of kir pictures by this, and a store of precious stones to boot, and he held 'em up at me with an encouraging smile. And then we reached the top of the hill, at which I chortled, expecting the coach to do likewise. But of a sudden he called out something to the coachman loudly, and whipping out a pistol, led drive full at me. The bullet took the nag in the throat, and down she went, I with her. And when I got to my feet, there was the stage lumbering, and rolling and rocking down the hill towards Liphook. I gave her a parting shot, but 'twas out of range, and then came back to me only the echo of my fire, together with a chatter of laughter very maddening to hear. For there was I, with a dead nag by the way, and a sore of a cracked crown, and outwitted by a stripling with a pretty voice. Sink me! never did I" . . . (Cries a devout)

THE BRIDE OF SILENCE.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

WHEN Simon de Chideock, Norman boy-lord of a Wessex manor, was swept eastward by the wave that carried Richard Lionheart at its crest, he bore with him the thought of Elfida, daughter of that implacable Saxon, Fote of Netherbury. A word of their trains moved jostling under Dorchester gates: a chance hour when the sea fog filled them into friendship on a trackless down; so much, and so little, was Simon's secret refreshment through the Holy War. He drifted home at last, to be met by the news that Fote was dead, his lands engulfed by the Church, and his daughter an inmate of a neighbouring nunnery. De Chideock scattered the welcoming villains and buried out again, his servant at his heels, his he—guzzled by foreboding. They dismounted at the postern gate of the convent as evening fell, and burst through it. Candles drew them, staring the dusk between cloister and chapel. The glimmer was meagre enough; but it showed the Crusader all he had won—and lost. Elfida, in the habit of the Order, paused and looked upon him for one piteous moment of mutual clear-seeing and bitter regret, and then her slow steps reveled with her fellow nuns, and left him in the outer darkness—alone.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

THE Molly Maguires, an Irish Secret Society of the 'Fifties, hold, in a lone hut in the mountains, a midnight court for trial of a tyrannical land-agent, who made the hearths of the people desolate. The immediate crime for which he is being tried is the deliberate shooting of a boy "on his Keeping," a poor fugitive, who had, at a recent execution, impudently intervened to save a woman from the land-agent's brutality. The hut in which the trial is proceeding, a long, low, thatched one, is dimly lit by torches of resinous bog-tir, borne in the hands of a few of the many gum men who line the walls of the cabin. At each side of a table near the upper end of the hut stand two torch-bearers. The president of the court, the mysterious Molly Maguire himself, a little, wiry, grey man, stands behind this table, with his back to a smouldering fire. His secretary sits by the table making notes. Six men, standing to the right of "Molly," and six to the left, form the jury, who, after hearing both sides of the case, and considering the evidence, have brought in a verdict of Guilty. Molly Maguire has solemnly demanded, three times, "Is there anyone here having anything to say why I should not pass sentence of death upon this man?" and at the third asking, while the silence is deep, and the suppressed feeling strong in the breasts of the grimly determined and often-outraged ones who crowd the hut, the door is burst open with a crash, and Father Dominic, a grey-haired old priest, who has madly galloped here through dark and storm, dashes in, his face aflame with righteous indignation, answering in thunderous voice, "Yes, I have got something to say why *you* should not pass sentence of death upon this man! 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord!"

Great Novelists' Suggestions SEE THE SERIES OF PICTURES

for Stories Without Words EARLIER IN THE NUMBER.

"LIFE! LIFE AT LAST!": A RAJAH'S INHERITANCE.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL

FOR three whole days the old fortress had held out bravely. It had defied even the skill of the West, and as the sunset for the third time behind the unconquered pile of the palace, M. Bussy, the French commander, beaten back by the incomparable valiance of the little garrison, felt that he must have time to prepare for a final onslaught. At midnight, therefore, the bugle rang out a truce to hostilities; and thereafter from the citadel came silence, brooding profound. No light wavered, no sound disturbed the heavy dark air. It was as if they slept within.

So with no hastening, no hurry, came the dawn, primrose pale, peaceful. The attackers were ready for it, and through its still coolth blazed the bugles for assault. No answer came from within.

"Charge for the gates!" was the Commandant's order. "At all costs they must be forced."

But no force was needed. The great doors were unlocked. A single push, and they opened wide.

God! so what a scene! Along the quiet streets lay men, women and children, recently, discreetly dead, their faces duly covered.

The victorious hurrah died on the assailants' lips. What had they won? A city of the dead! Silently, in solemn order, they marched through their foes, Bussy at their head, morose, frowning.

No sign of life anywhere. Would there be any in the Palace? None!

In the courtyard, even with his sword in his heart, his dead face appealing to high heaven. Beyond in the corridors, all curiously ordered, disciplined, reserved, lay servants, groups of the chamber, court officials. And here in semi-darkness, behind lattice windows, lay dolorous groups of women, showing interlaced arms and faces hidden from the needful death.

They must be passed quickly, and be forgotten. So through winding passages, each turn bringing fresh frown to Bussy's face as it disclosed more of those patient appealing dead, they came upon the audience-chamber.

Life! Life at last! For on its dead father's throne, playing with the chieftain's heron's plume on its dead father's turban, sat all unconcerned, a boy baby of some eighteen months old.

Uncoloured, for the hand which had placed the child there still lay beside it on the cushions.

But it held a sword-hilt, and the point of the sword was in the dead father's breast as he lay, mutely appealing for justice.

And not in vain. The name of Bumbelo still stands upon the list of chieftains.

"A FOOL CAN KEEP SAFE COUNSEL"

By MAX PEMBERTON

MONSIEUR CHICOT, the King's Jester, has caught the rose intended for the Count of Blois, and will know very well what to do with it. Let Mademoiselle, the King's cousin, have no fears, Monsieur Chicot will not betray. A lagging lover may be every whit as worthy—and his punishment must be swift. Here in this old garden of the Château lies the lyre of Buto, been heard this many days; but a hushed lyre sometimes, for my Lord Cardinal will have none of the match, and the King's will is not my lady's. So comes the Count very early in the morning, like the wise men of old; and for him the rose lies dreaming near my lady's heart. Twere fortune indeed that this merry jester should play eavesdropper, for will not he lie as shrewdly to King as to Cardinal, be kind to the fivers, hard upon the laggard, and very wishful for my lady's happiness. Let the Count tell a tale of horsemen upon the road and a trouble at the ford. Let him be content to say—

"Endless torments dwell about thee;

Yet who would live and live without thee?"

AN UNFORESEEN DETECTION.

By BERNARD CAPES.

A LONELY chalk-quarry, with lime-kilns sluggishly smoking. To the top of one of the ovens a murderer, a showy, vicious-looking scamp, has leaned a stout plank (others, under an open shed, should be in evidence) preparatory to dragging up it the body of his just-murdered victim—a young woman of the well-to-do classes—which he purposes to pitch over, through the upper opening, into the burning lime. Hauling the body after him, he stands, half-way up the plank, transfixed and gazing upwards. A balloon is just showing itself, drifting pretty low over the lip of the quarry. Two figures lean out of the car regarding him. One has binoculars. On the ground at the foot of the plank are the murdered girl's watch, purse, trinkets, etc.

THE END OF THE SONG.

Now sleeps the crimson petal. LESKIVSON.

By E. F. BENSON.

THE lawn lay dark and dewy in the hour after mid-summer sunset, the song of birds was hushed in the bushes, and the rows of cypresses standing sentinel-like at intervals down the walk were so still in this breezeless air that no tremor disturbed the clear, sharp-cut edge of their leaves against the hued velvet of the sky, whence more thickly every moment the unmingled gold of the stars rained softly down on to the cool, sleeping earth. Down the other side of the walk lay a broad herbaceous bed tall with spires of crimson blossom that still smouldered, like colour asleep, in the faint starlight, and white Madonna lilies that seemed luminous in the dusk. Behind, on the top of the red-brick wall set with balls of stone, roosted two or three white peacocks, with drooping tails and heads smothered in the soft down feathers below their wings. Among the flowers of the border there danced the swift companies of hordies, spurts and jets of sudden light, and like some celestial archtype of them a meteor slid silently across the starry curtain of the sky. Behind it there lingered the faint, pale light of its passage.

The girl had passed down the walk to the far end of it, where was a fountain of red porphyry, in the basin of which goldfish hung motionless among the leaves of the water-plants, and just beyond lay the shining lake, with its shoals of glimmering water-lilies closed and sleeping. And it was with a sudden pang of delight that she remembered the beautiful lines they had read together that afternoon, for, as by some miracle and magic, they were reproduced here, all of them. And at this moment across the lawn there came the step for which she waited.

They sat long together, talking with the hushed voices that best suit the stillness of the night, and the moon that rose late found them still sitting there. At length she rose. "It is late," she said, "and we must go in. Oh, Jack, to think that our month is over and that we have to go back into the world—in to-morrow! But isn't it divine that all that poem should have been here to-night—crimson and white petal, and meteor and peacock and lily?" They paused once again at the threshold of the house.

"And you," he said, "the last verse of it."

"...TILL DEATH US DO PART..."

By EGERTON CASTLE.

It is a better woman than young George Esquimaux to his friend, Captain Crockett, arrives.

"—It is now three weeks and more, and it is clear, therefore, that I have escaped; though some of the others who were there on the day were not so fortunate. The distemper was then only just beginning to be known at our end of the town. My young Lady Lindsey was ailing and weak; but that it should be thus with her, after the tragic persecution of it she had lately undergone, was not to be wondered at—and no one, certes, would then have dared pronounce the dread word 'PLAGUE'—though now 'tis so glib on the tongue if any creature but fails a moment, be it ever so little, in health.

"Free once more you knew the story after that year of slavery to her monster us old lord, her marriage to Sir George was to have taken place within the month. But, on that fatal morning, my Lady was found by her woman lost in an agony of tears and despair, as one who has had the cruellest news.

"Sir George was summoned from his lodging in Great Queen Street, and Mr. Woolcot, the parson, sent for hot foot from St. Clement's, and two of Sir George's friends, of whom I was one—and the scrivener. And it was that if we all loved her, the marriage must take place at once, at once!

"Some thought this was the vapourings of an amorous, ailing woman; sundry opined that past sorrows had unhinged her mind; others, that she feared legal obstacles to the new union she had so long yearned for. Nonetheless, there was no dissuading her; the next hour found us all waiting for the bride in the great drawing-room of Lindsey House.

"She entered upon us, unattended, her bridal dress singularly covered by a wide mantle, her face closely veiled, she walked haltingly, like one half swooning; with a gesture, forbade assistance.

"For the love of Heaven, Mr. Woolcot, proceed with the marriage... proceed... lest it should be too late!

"Those were the only words she pronounced, except those of the marriage service. And methought she was strangely hoarse. As her lover, in dire concern, hastened to her side, she flung out her clasped hands towards him, even as one who would cry out: 'Haste! haste!'

"Now I cannot tell when my suspicion became a certitude; but these two, that were so full of love, had not yet been made one by the last word of the ritual, when I knew, as indeed, did all present, that the bride was dying fast—dying of the Plague! One look of horror, pity, awe, of fear, passed between us. But there was never a stir: save perhaps that each man straightened himself and stood the stiffer as does your soldier when the first bullet sings. We were all gentlemen, and not the worst was the parson. Nay, I for one, have no shame to say I would have had him push the pace on a trifle. He had a mighty dignity about him; yet, hard upon the Amen, without a word of discourse, he made sign to the scrivener, and the book was brought forthwith.

"Then it was that what we all knew in our souls was revealed to our gaze by a sight of horror.

"In order to sign and for ever make her beloved secure master at least of her vast wealth and estates, she had to raise her veil. O my dear friend!—there, in the sunken eyes, blood-red that we had known so clear and blue, in the livid discoloured face once so fair to see, we read the awful truth!

"You know the rest; and how Sir George —"



"I want to ask you a puzzle."

THE cork of a stone ginger-beer bottle burst its wire fastenings and was shot across the tap-room. It struck old Kit Wilkinson on his weather-beaten nose, just as he was raising his mug of ale to drain it. "Drat the woman!" he exclaimed. "Why can't she steer that 'jump' better? She was keepin' it 'ead on to me, an' I might ha' knowed 'at that cork 'ud catch me somewhere near the nose."

"It isn't a bad mark to steer for," observed a man in a corner, as he rose to leave.

Old Kit flushed, then his eyes gleamed malignantly, and he said, "But I was forgettin'. You're a bit of a authority on 'jump,' aren't you, George? Don't go—stop an' tell the gentleman about that 'jump' you got which didn't belong to you."

George Elm paused in the doorway and said, "It's a soft mornin', isn't it, Kit?"

He spoke in a friendly and innocent way, and Kit was thrown off his guard. "It is," he admitted. "Very soft." There was a note of repentance in his voice.

"I want to ask you a puzzle," continued George Elm. "An' it's this. What's the difference between you an' the mornin'? Don't answer till you've got your breath. It'll bide thinkin' over." He then walked out of the doorway, and from the window, which overlooked the harbour, I saw him lumber on towards the head of the pier.

"Soft mornin'," repeated Kit. "It *is* a soft mornin', isn't it?"

The sea was grey, the sky was grey—everything was grey. Grey waves were rolling in and breaking in grey clouds of water over the pier, making a cataract which swished into the harbour. Two steam-trawlers were dodging about in the bay, waiting for the tide to flow enough to enable them to get into harbour for the Sunday. Occasionally they were smothered in grey spray which the strong, mild, south-east wind drove up.

"A soft mornin'—an' I'm like the mornin'," murmured Kit. "An' I'm to hev it thrown in my teeth by a robber like that George Elm!"

He rubbed his nose and was palpably distressed. "Thank you kindly, Sir. I don't mind if I do," he observed in recognition of my sympathy. "At a time like this just a drop o' the real old Jamaica is very soothin'. Here's my best respects, Sir—an' I hope you'll never be insulted as I've been. Yes," he went on, as he fondled the glass, "it was a soft mornin' like this when that George Elm went an' got all that 'jump' into him—only it took him till well-nigh on midnight to shift it. 'Jump,' you must know, is ginger-beer and champagne an' such-like stuff 'at blows the 'ead out an' blows you up. It isn't what I call a satisfyin' drink—not 'at I ever tasted what you gentlemen call fizz; but I've often seen its workin'.

THE RAIDED "JUMP."

By WALTER WOOD.

Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

Truth to tell, I never tasted any fishermen 'at's tasted 'jump' except that George Elm an' I. But I'll tell you 'bout it."

"Yes, it was a soft mornin' like this, an' the old *Star of Hope* was anchored just where the most easterly o' them steam boats is docked."

She was a yawl 'at had been borrow'd as a mark-boat for a regatta, an' fitted up as a sort o' refreshment-room for the amateur gentlemen 'at go in for yachtin' in the summer-time. Though, to be sure, some of 'em's got no more sense nor grunter Bless 'em! If it wasn't for them, a lot o' lifeboat makers 'ud be bankrupted. Well, they mayn't all be able to sail, but I'll do the common justice to say 'at I never seed better steerin' nor some of 'em showed when they were makin' for the *Star of Hope*, to get aboard. Two 'em collided, an' they both sank; but they were hauled up an' brought round wi' 'jump.' It was beautiful to see the way they axed pardon of the'selves, till they got ashore an' began to call one another names, an' then to act disgraceful on the sands wi' their fists. An' they were gentlemen, mind you, wi' a lot o' brass-bandin' an' patent boots.

"You must know 'at bonny fyde men 'at took part in that regatta could get free refreshments on board the *Star of Hope*, an' when this was known the amount of entries was perfectly wonderful. Two or three men hardly knew one end of a boat from the other till she started hurried in, becoss the Mayor, who provided the eatables an' drinkables, an' is a free-handed an' 'earty gentleman 'at can't abide a empty glass—thank you, Sir, I don't mind if I do 'ave another, for there's nothing more grateful to the inside nor rum—the Mayor, in his jocosious way had said, 'Let 'em all come!' An' I can tell you, there was no second time of askin'.

"Yes," says old George Elm, bitter, when he heard this. 'Let 'em all come, as long as they've got collars on an' wear pocket-handkerchieys. But what about us poor cobblermen 'at toil an' moil an' keep things goin', eh? Where do *zee* come in?' He was proppin' a lamp-post up when he spoke.

"Suddenly he starts an' says, 'There's his Lordship the Mayor! I'll leppytate him, an' put the unfairness of it afore him.'

"The Mayor was bearin' down towards 'em in a two-horse carriage, wi' the Mayoress, which was his daughter, an' as lovely a bit o' stun as I ever set eyes on. George Elm 'olds up 'is 'and in a warnin' sort of way, an' his Worship hove to. Now, when he likes, that George Elm can talk as well as a auctioneer, an' it's a fair pleasure to 'earken to him. There's no doubt he captivated 'em both, for the Mayor says, 'Certainly, my jovial fellers; you shall have a race all to yourselves, if so

be as them amatoor yachtsmen's agreeable, becoss you must understand 'at the object o' this regatty is to encourage seamanship an' navigation among the civilian poppylation 'at's what I may call non-maritime.' He could certainly talk as well as George Elm, an' 'ad a way o' flappin' his paw 'at drove things 'ome as he said 'em.

"Yes, dear pa," says the daughter; 'there must be a special event for these brave 'eroes.' Brave 'eroes! And she sparkled her eyes at George Elm—wlich she wouldn't ha' done if she'd seen him hurry 'ome that night when there was a breeze an' they were short-anded an' wanted to get the life-boat out.

"But George Elm could talk an' his Worship could talk—they were no match for them amatoors. You see, Sir, they was a mixed lot—doctors, lawyers, an' a few roustabouts like artists; an' there was a writin' gentleman, too, 'at did pieces for the papers an' magazines. It was terrible to listen to him when he spoke about what he called the purity o' sport an' the need of keepin' regattys select. 'No, no,' he says; 'by all means let the coblemen look in,' he says, 'but we must work off these social events first. There'll be ladies aboard the *Star of Hope*,' he says, 'eatin' cake an' tea, an' you never know what coblemen'll say next, or what sort o' songs they'll sing.' He meant that as hit at George Elm, who's got a fine song wi' twenty-three verses in it.

"I suppose you've all created a thirst for that "jump" by eatin' red 'errins,' says George Elm, as sour as curds. 'How long have you been trainin' for it?' But the literary gentleman gave him back as good as he got by tellin' him to go an' put his head in the 'arbour mud an' keep it there for ten minutes. 'Then,' he says, 'we'll listen to you, if you've got any breath left to talk with. Besides, George,' he says, 'you know as well as I do 'at it's against all the rules o' the regatty to allow anybody to enter now. The entries was closed a week since, an even if his Worship's own daughter, lovely though she is, was to come weepin' an' beg us to let her enter, we should have to steel our hearts an' say no.'

"All right, Mr. Paperwaster," says George Elm—he was allus spyin' round, pickin' up nicknames, an' got a lot of 'em at the Bloaters' Club—

"Lotus," I suggested mildly.

"Where he sometimes shoved his nose in unwanted," pursued Kit, ignoring my correction. "All right, Mr. Paperwaster. You think you've got all the show to yourselves; but wait an' see. There'll be a good few of you to-morrer at this time wishin' you'd been buried early.'

"What do you mean?" says Mr. Bagshot, for that was the writin' gentleman's real name—rather threatenin'. He was known to read the police news in the papers an' to be well up in the law.

"Wait an' see," says George Elm. 'But if you want to know, what I mean is 'at there's a star 'uggin' the moon very close, an' when that appens there isn't goin' to be much tea-fightin' on board the yawl. Take my word for it—you'll get them dainty skirts on board a dashed deal easier nor you'll get em' off. But perhaps you'll never get em on board at all.'

"Well, that regatty began in fair good earnest. It was a tip-top affair, an' no mistake. The Mayoress herself fired a gun as a startin' signal, an' gave the prettiest litle squeal you ever heard, pretendin' she was frightened; but everybody said it was so that a' amatoor gentleman 'at was in the Volunteers, an' very partial to her, as she was to him, could rush for'ard an' comfort her 'at there was no danger, which he did. Then the Mayor an' the Town's Councillors went off in a steam-boat to the *Star of Ope* for refreshment an' to watch the races; but it had breezed up a bit, an' when they got alongside there were only two or three of 'em with any appetite left—which was a pity, seein' 'at they'd cleared plenty o' cargo space durin' the trip.

"I told you a star was 'uggin' the moon," says George Elm, who was tearin' about like a ravin' madman in his coble, his brother an' a cousin with him.

"You'd almost think it was the *Star of Ope*, from the way she points her nose to the sky," says the Mayor, jococious-like, but very pale, an' clingin' tight to the main-sheet 'orse. 'We could p'raps see the races better from the foreshore,' he says, turnin' to the Town's Councillors. 'An' in any case there's a very important Watch Committee meetin' this afternoon which it's vitally urgent for us all to be present at. What say you, gentlemen?' An' they all said 'Aye,' thinkin', p'raps, 'at they was at a Town's Council meetin'.

"They comed ashore, an' mighty glad most of 'em was to be on dry land again. That mornin' turned out to be a reg'lar soft un—I've somehow taken a dislike to that expression. I don't quite know why—an' a sort o' blight fell on the regatty. Some o' the amatoors, who was well-plucked uns, especially them roustabout painters, swore they'd sail if it blew a blizzard, an' they framed well for it, too. But when three o' the events had been worked off the Mayor told 'em 'at human life was too sacred to risk for mere sport, an' 'at they must wait till the weather fined afore finishin'.

"Well, if you wait on this coast for the weather to fine when it takes it into its 'ead to blow an' rain, you can wait a rare long time, and there was a good many more of us, besides George Elm, 'at knew for certain 'at there'd be no more regattyin' for several days.

"We shall 'ave to put some men aboard to see 'at the *Star of Ope* doesn't break loose from her moorin's an' drive ashore an' become a total wreck," says Mr. Bagshot, 'though, to be sure, I'd like to see 'er jolly well smashed to smithereens, becoss I could make something out of it. Suppose you an' your brother an' cousin takes the job on, George,' he says, 'an' we'll give you five bob a day apiece an' your tuck. But you mustn't touch the regatty refreshment, which your palate isn't trained to appreciate. Fizz and patty grass,' he says, 'ud be no more to you nor biscuits to be hippopotamusses.' An' there was a good deal in it, too, becoss that George Elm has a throat like brass tubin'. an' allus swollers his sperrits neat.'

"We'll take it on," says George Elm, an' the bargain was made. The three of 'em put off in their coble and got on board the *Star of Ope*, an' for several hours we saw nothing more of 'em. Then, in the afternoon, when a few of us were standin' on the 'Platform' they've cleared it away now, to make room for that Marine Drive, which is a white elephant they'll never finish till the Day of Judgment—up tears Mr. Bagshot in a terrible commotion.

"Them dashed ghouls is 'avin' a perfect orgy," he says. 'We've been listenin' to 'em through the telegraph, an' they're raisin' Cain. There's that George Elm singin' his disgraceful song, an' we can 'ear the corks poppin' like a bombardment. It's frightful,' he says, 'to think of all that costly jump being swilled by such swine. You might as well decorate a kitchen boiler with diamonds. Is there any volunteers for the yawl?'

"Now there's times when men sinks their diff'rences an' becomes friends, an' though some of us were none too partial to George Elm, becoss of his crooked ways; still, this wasn't the time when we were goin' to round on him. An' that's what we said. We gave Mr. Bagshot the straight tip.

"Very well," he says sarcastic, 'if there isn't one of you 'at durst risk his precious life in a bit of a popple, we'll see what us amatoors can do ourselves. I'm forgettin',' he says, 'at some o' you know a sight more about 'uggin' the drainpipe at the back of the pier for crabs nor you do about open water. Things aren't what they used to be in the days of old John Donkin, who hid in the bight of the pier like a spider, an' shot out an' got hold of anything 'at was goin' 'at sea, breeze or no breeze. 'Trippers an' steam,' he says, 'have clean spoiled you, an' you're no longer men. You're pier-rats.' Then he walks off—an' just in time, I can tell you, for there was a few on us 'at would ha' given him what for if he'd stopped.

"He hurried to the foreshore an' rushed into a little wood shanty 'at had been rigged up, an' which was a place where they could talk to the *Star of Ope*. Wonderful it was, an' all done by the amatoor engineer 'at has that petrol-launch 'at's allus explodin' at the wrong time. The shed was packed with amatoors, an' one was readin' off what was bein' said an' done on board the yawl.

"They're wolfin' the chickens," reads off the man at the telegraph. 'Now there's a pop, an' George Elm's shoutin' "Chop their necks off!"'

"Eavens!" says Mr. Bagshot with a groan, 'that jump's flowin' like blood at Waterloo!'

"Now there's a thud," says the interpreter, with the plug thing at his ear.

"I'raps one of 'em's tackled one o' your pies, an' fallen," says a amatoor, with a laugh, for it was well known 'at all the refreshments had been provided by the interpreter's father.

"There's that George Elm bawlin' his old song," reports the man at the wire. 'He's got to the chorus again—

"Let go the reef tayle,
Let go the reef tayle,
Let go the reef tayle—
My jumper is jammed!"

"This must be stopped," says Mr. Bagshot. 'It'll have to be stopped an' them scoundrels got ashore, even if the life-boat has to be launched. Do you think, Mr. Webb,' he says, turnin' to one of the amatoors, 'at you could get as far as the yawl wi' your steam-launch? We'd go in my cutter, but we'd never be able to beat out to her in this breeze. It's blowin' dead on shore.'

"I'd do it like a shot," says Mr. Webb, 'only the propeller's unshipped an' the injun's under repair. Yes, there's nothing I'd like better, if it wasn't for this most unfortunate over'aulin'. I'd like you to see 'er when she's really punchin' into it.'

"It was an extrordinary thing 'at whenever that launch was wanted she was never ready. She couldn't get steam up under four hours, from cold water, an' I never saw her under way except once, an' then she was trying to tow another amatoor's craft 'at was pullin' her back.

"Very well," says Mr. Bagshot, firm-like, 'there's more ways o' killin' cats nor with kindness, an' if we can't get out with our sailin'-boats, an' if our only steam-launch is in the foundry again—if she was mine I'd dump her on the scrap-eap—an' if our brave coblemen won't face it, there's only one thing for it—we shall have to arrange for the life-boat. By gosh! Jenkins,' he says, 'isn't it your quarterly practice to-morrer?'

"That's the fixture," says Mr. Jenkins, who was the local secretary for the life-boat.

"Then why not have it to-day, this very afternoon, instead?" says Mr. Bagshot, eager-like.

"I'll consider about it," says Mr. Jenkins, cautious.

"The man 'at considers is lost," says Mr. Bagshot. 'Make up your mind now. There's no time for consideration. Either that life-boat's got to be launched or this regatty's got to bust. Besides,' he says, sly-like, 'it 'ud make you stand well with the Mayoress. A life-jacket an' oilskins an' a sou'-wester suits you to a tee, an' there's nothing she fancies as much as a naval 'ero. That gunner's 'avin' it all his own way, and if you aren't careful, he'll hike her off from beneath your very nose.' For it was well known 'at Mr. Jenkins, as well as the Volunteer gentleman, was very sweet on the young lady, an' was friendly disposed towards the money she'd got in the bank.

"I think," says Mr. Jenkins, 'at p'raps it 'ud be judicial to put the practice for'ard a bit. It 'ud be a sort of pansy for the wounded feelin's an' disappointment of the spectators. I suppose,' he says, addressin' me, 'at the old girl 'ud be as right as nails in a sea like this?' 'She'd just sniff at it an' scorn it,' I answers. 'She's a jolly stiff boat, an' as steady as 'ouses,' he says, comfortin' hisself like. He was a wonderful talker, an'

had a rare gift o' goadin' other people into doin' things 'at he didn't much fancy on his own account. 'You're right there, Sir,' I told him; 'she's as steady as the Light'ouse, an', as for a bit o' sea like this—pooh!'

" 'Then we'll get her launched,' he says, 'an' I'll go with her.'

"Sev'ral of the amateurs says, 'Ooray!' an' the interpreter says, 'You'd better take some millingitary with you, or a boardin' party from the Coastguard, for that George Elm an' his lot's got to a state of things 'at's paralyzin'. I'll bet they've shipped every bottle o' jump there is aboard the yawl, an' 'at they see more green monkeys, taken all in all, nor was ever let loose at the Zoo.'

"Well, we got the life-boat out an' ran her down the slipway an' had her afloat in double-quick time. There was no want o' men, for it was a bit o' fun, an' there was pay for it, too, which allus acts as salt to fun. Mr. Jenkins was there, as large as life an' twice as natural, with a life-jacket on an' wearin' a long red cap. The amateurs was a bit waggish; but Mr. Jenkins scorned to answer 'em, nor yet did he reply when they guyed him as we pulled off an' asked him if his will was made an' what was to be done with him when he was thrown up on the beach. That was p'raps

Mr. Bagshot 'ad got to the telegraphit by that time an' was readin' off the report.

" 'We've come to demand you to leave the yawl,' says Mr. Jenkins. 'We've been listenin' to your carryin's on ashore, an' it's scand'lous. You little knew 'at every word you said was as clear to us as a pikestaff, an' 'at every pop of a cork has been recorded against you.'

"George Elm was stunned for a minute, not quite understandin', an' havin' been brought up by a grandmother 'at believed in witches; but he was one too many for Mr. Jenkins, an' answers boldly, 'It's a lie. There wasn't any corks poppin'—we knocked their long necks off with a marlin-spike.' Then he began his song again an' capered about the deck.

" 'Come off that yawl,' orders Mr. Jenkins. 'Come ashore with us.'

" 'I couldn't dream o' breakin' my bargain,' says George Elm, 'which is to stand by the *Star of Ope* for five bob a day an' find my own tuck. I'm doin' both—an' as for tuck, it's under our very noses, an' easy enough to find. Eh, boys?' The whole three of 'em laughed an' roared, an' it was plain to see 'at the jump had made its mark on 'em.



"Certainly, my jovial fellers; you shall have a race all to yourselves."

becoss some of 'em wanted to go out in the life-boat an' Mr. Jenkins said they couldn't, as it was against the rules. 'He wants all the show to hisself, says one, 'so 'at he can be the centre figure on the stage an' command the attention of the Mayoress by what he does. Well, I hope he'll come a jolly mucker!'

"We got a bit of a dustin' when we were pullin' across the tideway, but, of course, nothing to matter, an' we were as dry as bones when we lay to under the lee of the yawl an' 'ailed George Elm, who was by way o' bein' skipper.

Mr. Jenkins, in a very stern voice, stands up an' calls on George Elm to surrender.

" 'What for?' answers George, who was leanin' over the gunwale. 'Am I a thief?'

" 'You are,' says Mr. Jenkins. 'You've stole all the jump.'

" 'Are you a bobby?' says George, terrible sarcastic. 'You supprise me. I thought you was one o' them brewer's draymen what I saw in London. What have you done with your bartils? Emptied 'em all by yourself? Why you must ha' been as dry as the Sahary Desert!'

"We all laughed—we couldn't help it—an' Mr. Jenkins was that mortified he lost his temper an' said two or three things 'at he was sorry for after. If you get talkin' with them amateurs they'll tell you some dreadful things 'at they say they heard him speak—though, to be sure,

" 'What are we to do?' says Mr. Jenkins, turning to the coxn; but the coxn said it wasn't his shout, an' 'at it 'ud be out of his duty to interfere wi' George Elm. We didn't know then 'at he had a secret understandin' wi' George to bring him a vcal an' 'am pie ashore, an' any other little thing 'at he could get through without bein' nobbled.

" 'I was never so upset in my life,' declares Mr. Jenkins, an' just then most unfortunately, the life-boat gives a nasty lurch, an' over he comes bang on top o' me, his cork jacket thuddin' against mine in a way 'at was like crackin' crabs. Then he gets jerked up again, an' what wi' that an' the jeers o' George Elm, he was fair mad, an' let his language go like Board o' Trade rockets. 'You must come off,' he shouts, 'or you'll have me to reckon with.'

" 'If I start reckonin' with you, I'll soon settle you,' says George Elm back. 'Why, if I only get you in my clutches I'll crush you like a egg-shell.' An' he looked as if he could do it, too, bein' big an' burly, an' Mr. Jenkins very slight and short.

" 'Skill counts more nor brute force,' says Mr. Jenkins, who was well known to be in trainin' by letter by a gentleman 'at fed 'im on nuts an' nourishment, an' by yet another 'at trained him by correspondence at what they call catch-as-catch-can.

" 'Come an' try it on,' says George Elm, an' wi' that he picks up a bottle o' jump, knocks the neck off, an' drinks as much as didn't fly overboard.

Lay me alongside,' orders Mr. Jenkins, like one o' the naval officers of old boardin' a battle-ship. 'I'll have him down in a jiffy, then we'll get him ashore.' But the coxn knew George Elm better nor Mr. Jenkins did, and what with excuses, an' what with bunglin', he took very good care not to get the life-boat too near the yawl. 'It can't be done,' he says, 'this tide's runnin' at a fair rip.'

"What 'ud you 'do supposin' these men was shipwrecked?' asks Mr. Jenkins, sneerin', an' I thought it was a fair stumper. But the coxn was ready for him. 'If they was shipwrecked,' he answers, 'they'd be helpin' us; but as for these men, they're doin' all they can to thoil us.'

"I don't know what 'ud ha' happened if Mr. Jenkins hadn't suddenly shouted 'Look out, there! Upon my soul that yawl's parted her anchor an' she's driftin' ashore!'

"It was as true as gospel. I don't know how it had happened, but there was the *Star of 'Ope* adrift, and going ashore like a good 'un. If it hadn't been for the jump that yawl could have been saved as easy as winkin'; but George Elm an' his brother an' his cousin was in that state 'at they refused to do anything, bein' perfectly content, as George Elm said, to drift to 'eaven, an' refusin' to let anybody go on board or near her. They knew they were safe enough with the life-boat standin' by

I 'ears him mutter, 'what a real man is; an' if' so be as she knows what's what, you'll jolly well have your beak put out of joint. It 'ud be a awful thing,' he says, musin' like, 'to see her the fancied bride of a reptile like 'im.'

"Now things 'appens at sea as you never expect 'em to 'appen. We was gettin' very near to the yawl, so 'at the crew could jump into the life-boat, when she gives a tremendous lurch, bein' broadside on to the sea 'at was runnin', an' overboard tumbles George Elm.

"Instantly, with a loud cry, Mr. Jenkins goes after him, well knowin' 'at his cork jacket 'ud keep him from sinkin'.

"Well, the coxn had George Elm by the lugs afore you could count ten, an' 'auled him on board with a nasty mixture o' sea an' jump in his inside.

"Then there was a queer shout, an' then roars of laughter, for what should we see in the watter, between us an' the shore, but Mr. Jenkins's feet, made fast in his cork-jacket. He'd gone slap under the boat, an' I suppose his jacket had been torn off an' got entangled in his boots. P'raps it had got adrift to start with when he fell on me. Be that as it may, there he was head down, and strugglin' frightful to rise, which he couldn't do.

"We righted him an' dragged him in, more dead nor alive, and what we didn't do in the way o' laughter, them amateurs ashore made up for.



"Them dashed ghouls is 'avin' a perfect orgy."

'em, an' they just let her rip an' squatted on board as if it was the best joke in the world, till such time as they had to do as Mr. Jenkins told 'em, an' take to the life-boat.

"Now by that time it had been made known 'at the yawl was comin' ashore, and the Mayor and Mayoress, as well as the Town's Councillors an' nearly all the poppylation, had got to the foreshore, just as excited as if they was watchin' play-actin'. Of course, I don't know how true it is, but they do say 'at Mr. Jenkins wilfully waited till it was just as narrer a squeak as could be afore he gave the order to save George Elm an' t'other two, at all costs. He shouted in a very loud voice, so, they say, 'at the Mayoress could 'ear him. 'They must be rescued,' he says, 'even though some of us perishes in doin' it'—but he didn't say which of us he meant.

"We was then so near the shore 'at you could quite plainly see what was goin' on, an' could tell the people's faces. There was the Mayoress, as pretty an' frightened as she could be, an' there was the Volunteer gunner gentleman, comfortin' her again, as likely as not—though what he knew about the sea an' ships I can't tell you.

"It may ha' been my fancy, but Mr. Jenkins gives a very awful look at the gunner gentleman, an' then sort o' grinds his teeth, as if he was goin' into battle. They said afterwards 'at he was determined to show off, an' that whatever happened was his own fault. 'I'll show her, my fine feller,'

Mr. Jenkins was a truly comical spectacle, with his red cap all wet an' danglin' down, which no one called his attention to, not wantin' to spoil the fun.

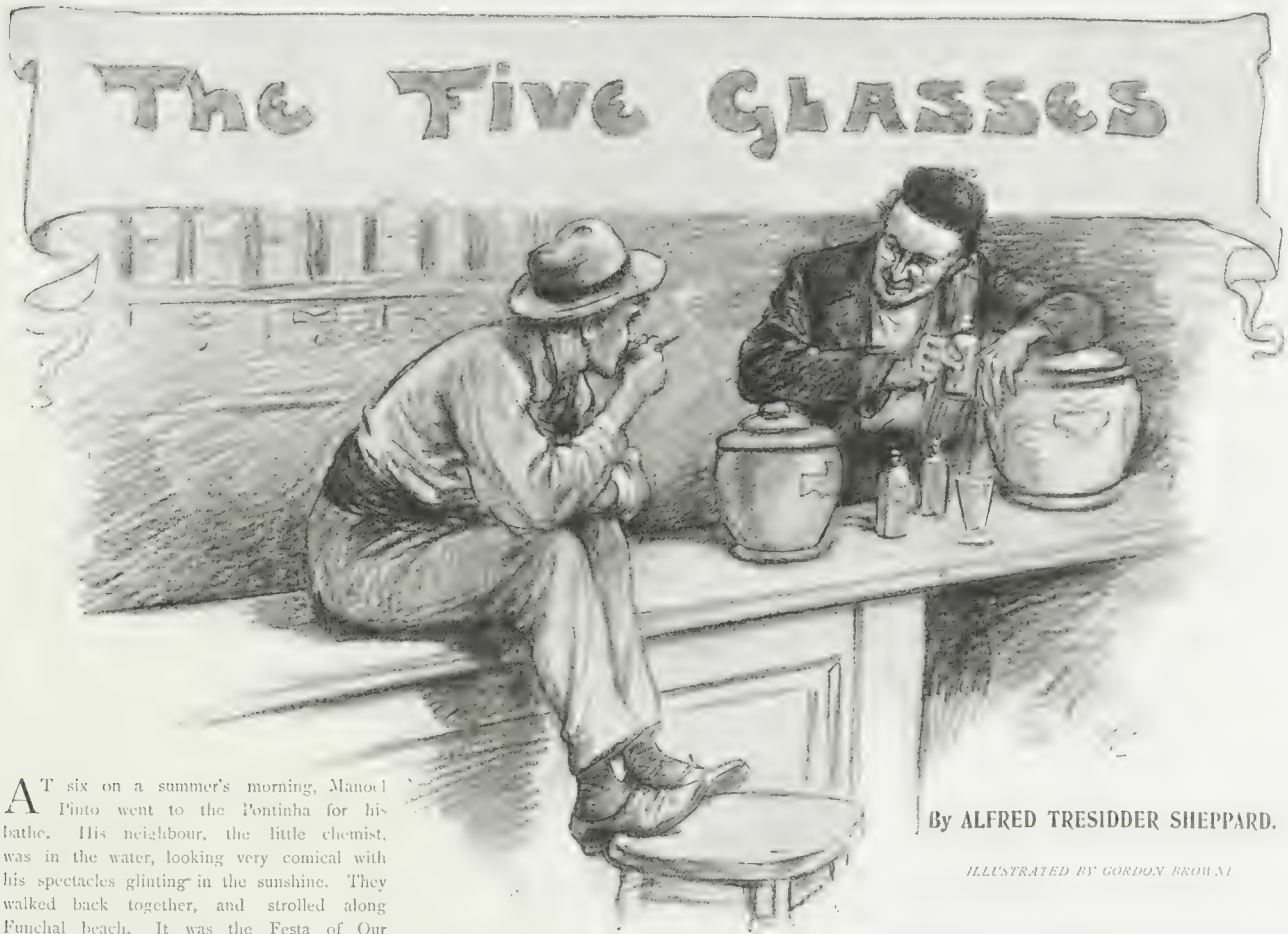
"Land me at the slipway," he says, dreadful crestfallen, when he came to an' unshipped some of his water ballast. 'This is all your work, you ruffian!' he says to George Elm, with tears in his voice. 'You've ruined the regatta, and the worst of it is 'at there's no gettin' at you. You've touched every bank between 'ere an' the Thames,' he says, 'an' you've piled up five ships.'

"Countin' this, it's a round six," says George Elm, peaceful-like, 'for that *Star of 'Ope* 'll be firewood in an hour'—which she was. 'But it wasn't my fault—it's the rotten chain an' that jump. It doesn't seem to have what I may call any quality in it. You might just as well freeze on to the pump,' he says, an' then he walks 'ome an' goes to sleep on the doorstep.

"Mr. Jenkins runs across the road an' 'ides in the lifeboat-ouse till it was dark, an' refuses to appear when some o' the amateurs was what they call encorin' him.

"An' what about the Mayoress, you say? Why, she married the Volunteer gunner gentleman, 'for,' she says, 'it's too much to ask me to take a 'usband what all the little boys chase an' say, "Who wears a cork collar round 'is ankles?"'"

THE END.



By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWN

AT six on a summer's morning, Manoel Pinto went to the Pontinha for his bath. His neighbour, the little chemist, was in the water, looking very comical with his spectacles glinting in the sunshine. They walked back together, and strolled along Funchal beach. It was the Festa of Our Lady of the Mount, and already the little coloured country boats, from the coast villages, were arriving. "Come to me, my oxen; come to me, my pretty oxen," cried boys and men, as they goaded their shambling beasts to the water's edge, and, harnessing them to the sharp prow of the boats, dragged them through the surf and over the sharp ridge of pebbles. Screams and giggles mingled with the noisy chorus of "*Ca para mim boi, ca ca ca ol!*" as the crowded boats grated on the beach. Already some of the new-comers were doing their hair, and donning holiday garments, after their voyage.

"Are you going to the church, Pinto?" asked Andrade, the chemist.

"Yes, with Menina Anna," said Manoel.

Andrade rolled a cigarette. With those twinkling glasses, and the queer curl of his lips, it was difficult to tell whether he was smiling. They watched a fat priest, whose morning bath from the beach (he never ventured in the deep waters of the Pontinha) was like some elaborate ritual, and performed with equal gravity. His great umbrella had been planted in the pebbles, with a strip of carpet and a camp-stool underneath; a boy was waiting with a watering-can to douché his master when he came puffing from the sea.

"She's not going with her English sailor then?" asked Andrade.

Manoel clenched his fist. "*Insecta fio!*" he muttered savagely, in a string of oaths. "Ugly insect." In Madeira that is almost the last word of abuse. "No, she's not," he snapped out. "She promised me."

"Well. . . . She was with him again yesterday, Manoel."

There were two war-vessels lying in the Roads, an American and a British. Manoel spat some more spleen and shook his clenched fist savagely towards the latter. "English dogs!" he muttered. "Why, when my grandfather was alive, we made these heretics fling their dead into the sea at night. We wouldn't even let them bury any English on the island—and now—"

"Still, they bring money," Andrade rubbed his hands. "Not that I love them," he added. "When that Serpa Pinto affair was on—you remember?—I put up 'American Spoken Here' instead of 'English' in my shop."

They passed through the Varadouras Gateway; Manoel entered the chemist's with his friend, and sat on the counter dangling his legs. Andrade dusted the bottles.

"That dog of mine was yelping all night again, Luiz," said Manoel, lighting a cigarette. "I'll give him a dose of something if he bothers me much more. Are those poisons on that shelf?"

"Some of them. I've plenty here—enough to poison all the dogs in Funchal."

Manoel had gloomy tastes. The rows of bottles against the wall of the dark little shop had always interested him. Death, in all kinds of shapes, easy and terrible, stood ranged on the shelves. He pointed to a bottle.

"What's that?"

"This? Strychnine," said Andrade. "How does it act? Well, in a quarter of an hour or less after taking it, your neck gets stiff, and you're seized with terror, and you curl round like a barrel-loop. Then you jerk about till you're dead."

"Oh-h," said Manoel. "And that bottle, Luiz?"

"Laudanum. You turn blue; your eyes look like pin-points; you sleep and no one can wake you up. Mind your legs, Manoel."

Andrade was sweeping dust from behind the counter with a broom. Manoel drew up his legs, but continued his inquiries about the jars and bottles with the queer names which he could not read. He sold wicker chairs; and that needs little education. Andrade wished he would go; he was too fond of wasting time in the shop. At the next inquiry, without turning his head, the chemist said, "Oh, you turn red and green and blue by turns, and die purple." He gave a dry chuckle, and Manoel's eyes grew round.

A clock struck. Manoel jumped down from the counter. "Well, I must go. Oh, what's in this big jar, Luiz? This colourless stuff?"

"Nothing you'd care to drink, my friend. That'd finish you off, it all the rest failed." He laughed again, and turned to serve his first customer.

Manoel Pinto went home, bolted the *sopas* of fat pork and sweet potatoes which was waiting for him, and then, after dressing himself very smartly, started for the Mount Church. He called at a house on the outskirts of Funchal, as the clocks were striking nine.

"Is Anna ready?" he asked a little bashfully.

"Ready? Why, she's gone," said Senhora Botelho. "Haven't you seen her? She started five minutes ago. Oh, I don't know why she

didn't wait. I've given up trying to control that girl. You'll catch her up if you hurry."

He flung out of the house with an oath, and hurried towards the bend of the road. In his head rang the song which the men sing when treading out the must; the song of "Mentrosa Mariana"—

"Mariana says she has seven petticoats with stripes.
Tell the truth to your lover,
And no more deceive him,
Lying Maiana."

Were all girls alike? She had promised faithfully to go with him to the Festa. . . . At the corner he saw her, and clerched his fist at the sight of her companion, the English sailor from the war-ship. They had stopped to speak to Constança Arco, whose hand was on the sleeve of another sailor, with the stars of the United States Navy at the tips of his broad collar. Anna looked provokingly pretty, with her black, glossy hair, and her velvet bodice and coloured skirt and starched sleeves, and the jaunty little scalloped cape of blue-and-gold. At her throat glistened a Brazilian topaz brooch—his gift.

"Hello, Bailey!" the American was saying. The Englishman introduced Anna as "Miss Bottleho," and presented his friend with a flourish as "Senhor Don Billio Simmons"; at which Anna and the others laughed. She turned her head and saw Manoel, looking very sullen.

"Good morning, Mistaire Manoel," she said, in pretty broken English, bowing mischievously.

"Good morning, Menina Anna," he answered in Portuguese. Her use of English was an added insult. He spluttered. "I—I—called—" A lucky thought came to him. He pulled off his hat, and said "Good-day" to the foreigners and Constança; and then, "Come along, Anna. We'll start, if you're ready."

"Oh, we're all going together."

"No, we're not. You promised to come with me."

"Did I? Well, I will, won't I?" She looked at him provokingly.

"Only there'll be twenty thousand there, Manoel, so we can't have the road to ourselves, you know. And Constança, and—"

"I'm not going with them," said Manoel sullenly.

"No? Well, I am; so you can go by yourself—to St. Peter, Manoel," she said sweetly. The Portuguese expression is prettier than our own.

Anna caught the arm of her sailor; they went off, leaving Manoel in the road. "Looks as if he's been drinking vinegar, that chap," remarked the American. "I reckon he's got 'belly belong him,' as they say in the South Seas. That's what's the matter with him."

"He ain't your young man, is he, Anna? You're not engaged to him, eh?" asked Bailey. Anna, when she understood, said "No."

Manoel watched them vindictively, until Anna threw him a glance over her shoulder—half defiant and provoking, and yet half inviting. Well, she

and boots of tough, yellow skin; beggars with twisted limbs and filthy bandages; shopkeepers; English and American tourists on horseback or in hammocks. A string of *carros*—the cabs of Madeira—creaked past on runners, drawn by clumsy oxen, which blundered into the pedestrians. Constança and the American were in front; then came Anna and Bailey; Manoel had to walk behind.

He was furious. Still, at the summit there would be more room, and then he could get next to Anna and talk to her, and coax her into a more friendly mood. They reached the top at last. At the inn near the church many pilgrims



He had just time to fill the phial.

were doing justice to the *pão vinho bom*—bread and good wine—which its sign announced. Others sat or lolled against a stack of faggots. Bullock-cars, horses, hammocks, and hand-sledges for the descent to Funchal clustered together, guarded by their attendants. The steps of the church were crowded with a picturesque company, chattering, laughing, munching provisions, drinking wine from horn mugs or skins. Two bands were playing discordantly different tunes. Regardless of the noise, and adding to it, a man was pulling the strings of his *machete*, and some Lisbon sailors danced, barefoot, to the music of a mouth-organ. Here and there were banners, and the great figure of a saint swayed above the crowd.

The church was covered with flags of many nations. Bailey and Simmons entered with the girls; Manoel, close behind, knew enough English to understand the drift of their remarks. He knelt before the little figure of Nossa Senhora do Monte—flaxen-wigged, covered with tawdry jewels—but he kept a corner of his eye for the foreigners, and mentioned them, not charitably, in his prayers.

They came out again into the blazing sunshine, and the two sailors raced towards the inn to secure a little table. For a moment Manoel and Anna were close together. "Come along, Anna," he whispered; "we can lose them now in the crowd. Quick—before they look round."

She tossed her head. "What do you mean? You can go away if you like. You're not very cheerful company, Manoel. Besides, I'm thirsty."

Under his breath, he cursed England, with gentler asides for the United States; he summed up Bailey's ancestors for a hundred years, saddling inoffensive folk long under quiet tomb-stones with crimes unnamable; a fishing-fleet from Cama de Lobos (and that carries rough eloquence) might have listened with respect. But he had to follow.

There was a drop of consolation in the thought that Bailey paid for drinks. Manoel ordered *aguardiente*; the fiery spirit quickened his resentment. He would have flung off in dudgeon, but the day had been long looked forward to, he was hotly in love, and even now hoped for some happy chance or some relenting. Perhaps she was only teasing; her moods changed so. Perhaps soon she would catch his arm, when the others were not looking; whisper and laugh softly; and they would slip away, like two conspirators.

He met her eyes once, and set his face to abject misery and appeal. She was quite indifferent. Bailey had suggested walking on towards the Ribeira de João Gomes. They trooped off, Manoel still behind.

It seemed, then, that Our Lady had heard the prayers whispered in the church. Bailey was at the edge of the path; his foot dislodged a pebble—he slipped. Manoel shut his eyes while his heart thumped violently. His lips moved fast. When he looked again, hoping to see his rival on the stones hundreds of feet below, the Englishman was erect, laughing, with his hand on Anna's sleeve. And the hand moved insidiously towards her waist!

Manoel Pinto's hand flashed to his knife. The broad blue back was just in front of him, a safe target for the stroke. He crept nearer, like a cat.

Then, from the Mount Church, came a report sounding as if some hand had tugged at the blue stretch of sky, rending it like a sheet. A fizz and splutter followed the booming of the echoes; next, a long-drawn "Ah-h!" of admiration from the crowd they had just left. Bailey span



"Quick—before they look round!"

might relent. She was sometimes very penitent after these moods. He could see there was no love-making; if there were—! He felt the sheath of his knife. Then he followed sulkily.

It is an hour's climb from Funchal to the church. From all parts of the island people had flocked to the festivities. There were peasant women in gay dresses; men in blue, spiked caps and white shirts and tight breeches

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round. In an instant, Manoel's knife was thrust back in its hiding-place. He gasped. Another instant, and the business would have been done past recall. He thought now of the close little white-washed cell in Funchal Prison, stifling in this hot weather; the trial; the hold of a Lisbon-bound vessel; and then the scaffold, or, at best, years of trapped misery. That burst of rockets and crackers had saved him.

"Hullo! Fireworks, eh?" cried Bailey. "What's the notion of blowing off their powder by daylight?"

"Anna!" appealed Manoel. "Come and see them. Come back with me to the church. I'll buy you—I'll buy you wine, and grapes, and—"

He was spluttering in his rage and jealousy. Anna eyed him quizzingly.

"Leave that—that ugly insect!" he spluttered.

"You look an ugly insect yourself now, Manoel," she answered. "No; I'm not coming. We can't see anything in the sunshine, and we can hear where we are. I don't want grapes or wine."

"Are you coming?" he hissed, drawing back. Perhaps, if he threatened to go away, she might see that his patience was near its end.

"No."

Without another word, Manoel turned on his back and stalked off in moody dignity. Every moment he hoped to hear an invitation to return. The only sound that reached his ears was the sound of their jarring laughter, as they went on towards the Ribeira.

He thrust his way through the crowd by the church, and, at the inn, drank another glass of aguardiente. Every few moments a squib or cracker sputtered out in daylight. The many pilgrims were at the height of their enjoyment. And he had mapped out his day so carefully! He had thought out, so exactly, the words he was going to say to Anna before the day ended!

Oh, he felt intensely sorry for himself. If only there were some safe method of revenge—or some way in which he could touch her heart, make her intensely sorry for him, too! He was almost in the mood for suicide; and took a gruesome pleasure, for some moments, in picturing his body at her feet. . . . Unfortunately, in that case, the satisfaction of seeing her emotion and penitence would be denied him.

But the sailor—he might still revenge himself on him. Manoel remembered, suddenly, the chemist's store. A *carinho*—one of the hand-sledges near the church—was just starting; he sprang in. The guides started the toboggan down the slippery pebbles, shouted for room, steered it with sticks and ropes; people trudging up laughed or screamed, and made way; glimpses of the sea appeared over yellow roofs, and between palms and chestnuts, and cactus; in ten minutes they were in Funchal.

His brain was in a whirl with the speed of their descent. He loitered outside the shop; his errand now seemed a little difficult. If he asked Andrade for poison for his dog, anything that happened afterwards might lead to inquiry and awkward evidence. Manoel peered in. It was a gloomy little place, this chemist's. What light there was glinted on the rows of jars and bottles. He missed the glitter of his friend's round spectacles. A boy was behind the counter.

"Senhor Andrade out, Jorge?" Manoel asked.

"I think he's getting ready to go to the Festa. I don't know if he's started yet. I'll see."

For a few precious seconds Manoel Pinto was in possession. He glanced into the street; no customer was approaching. There were empty phials on the counter; he caught one up. Which bottle should he choose? The white powder which jerked a man to death? The stuff which turned the face blue, made the eyes dwindle, and brought death at last through sleep? There was a noise in the inner room. He seized the nearest, a great glass jar on the lower shelf, with some colourless liquid filling it almost to the brim. "That'd finish you off, if the rest failed," Luiz had said. "It's nothing you'd care to drink, Manoel."

He had just time to fill the little phial and replace the jar.

"Senhor Andrade has gone out, Senhor Pinto," said the boy.

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

Manoel strolled down to the beach. He had death in his pocket now—bottled death. Colourless, too; he could make surly friends again with Anna; invite them all to drink; it would be easy to slip this into the sailor's wine or spirit.

But he felt troubled. His rage had cooled a little; jealousy stung him less. He was still very miserable. A melting pity for himself was now his chief emotion. Revenge, now that he had the means for it in his possession, seemed less inviting. There were risks, too. After all, he was not a Cama de Lobos cut-throat; a fairly prosperous dealer in wicker chairs, trading with the Cape boats, does not take life easily, without twinges. They are a mixed race, the Madeirense. Dark African blood struggled with Western, and with Western training.

The beach was almost deserted. Even the beggars and lepers had dragged themselves from the shadow of the Varadouras Gate to the Mount. Two or three boys were bathing. Some men were cutting and cleaning fish; a pig was being killed, and he watched its last agonies with interest. He strolled, still dubious, through the Fish Market. The colours and queer shapes of the fish always fascinated him. He turned over a red

papa joão, a pink *casanheira*, with eyes set in gold and blue; there was a *peixe verde*, too, the dandy of those seas; blue-collared, with a green and red coat, and purple swallow-tail and fins. But Manoel's thoughts were far away.

Suddenly he turned and went off at a brisk pace towards the hills. His mind was made up. The sailor should escape. But that little bottle in his pocket should bring Anna to her senses—to his feet.

Oh, it was fine, it was dramatic! He thought out the details of his plan as he climbed the slope. He would pretend to make friends; ask them to drink. Then he would empty the phial into his own glass, before their eyes. He pictured the whole scene. They would spring to their feet together, and look at him in amazement. And then—and then—

As he trudged upwards Manoel composed his speech. It was to be a proposal of marriage, with the sight of his death in agonies as the penalty of refusal. She must promise, or he would drink and die. If she refused then? Well, there was little risk; but life without Anna—

Manoel, soliloquising, ran into a yoke of oxen, and begged pardon.

It was growing late when he reached the summit. For some time he hunted in vain among the people. The fireworks grew visible now against a sky of dark violet. The rival bands played furiously.

"Oh, here's Manoel again, like a bad pest, a,"

said Anna's voice. "How's St. Peter, Manoel? You look as if you've seen him, and been turned back."

Manoel forced a smile. He walked with them for a few minutes; and then, very nervously, suggested refreshments. Anna demurred. Bailey and Simmons were quite ready. Constança felt thirsty. "Very well," said Anna, accepting the peace-offering. His heart quickened as he led the way to a little table before the inn.

"A bottle of tinta, and glasses for five."

The waiter brought wine and glasses on a wooden tray. "I'll pour out," said Manoel. The others watched. Another rocket rose to the darkening sky.

"Oh, look!" said Anna.

Constança and the sailors turned their heads to watch the stream of coloured fire. Manoel's hand closed round the phial. After all, it would be safer to mix it with his wine at once. They might dash the glass from his hand if he tried to carry out his first intention. Yes—he would poison the tinta—fling down the phial as evidence—and hold the wine-glass firmly, while he gave his ultimatum.

It was done. He was ready. He dropped the empty phial, and turned to take his glass.

[Continued on page 40.]



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inviting.

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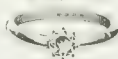
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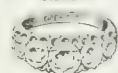


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Before he could touch it, Bailey had seized the tray; and lifted it, with all five glasses in which the red wine was dancing! "Look here," he said, "let's move to that table now those people have gone—we'll see the fireworks better."

He set the tray down again, and ranged the chairs.

Manoel was speechless. The thing was so sudden, so unexpected. Which was his glass? He peered at all; there was no means of telling.

"Cheer!" said Bailey.

"Here's good snating!" cried Simmons. Their glasses were raised. Manoel gurgled inarticulate sounds, and gone dry. "Anna—" he gasped out.

Too late. He had drunk. Well, he must take his chance now. They seemed to eye him strangely. One must die. Hal chocking, he tossed the liquor off.

"What's the matter, Manoel?" asked Constança. "Isn't it all right?"

"Must be your looking at it, then, Manoel," said Anna. "Mine's all right."

"I—I think so. Rather sour—"

It certainly seemed rough to his tongue. But poisoned wine would surely be nastier than this. He looked anxiously at the four faces

in the twilight. Who had taken it? How would the poison take effect—and when?

Luiz Andrade had spoken vaguely about that jar. It was horrible being in the dark. Anything might happen. Constança moved her head; he wondered if her neck were stiffening. Bailey was chatting to the American; Manoel detected a strange discordance in his laugh. Another rocket went up; Anna's eyes glistened; they seemed curiously small.

And then, with appalling force came the conviction that his own senses were affected, making everything look strange and unnatural. He wanted to yawn, and resisted desperately, frightened of that sleeping death. His jaw twitched horribly. No, it was imagination. But he wondered why they looked at him so intently. A stranger passed their table and stared; instantly

Manoel suspected that his face was changing colour. He tried to swallow, to see if his throat were still in working order.

"Aren't you well, Manoel?" asked Anna, and there seemed concern in her voice.

[Continued on page 41.]



"Anna, I'm poisoned!"

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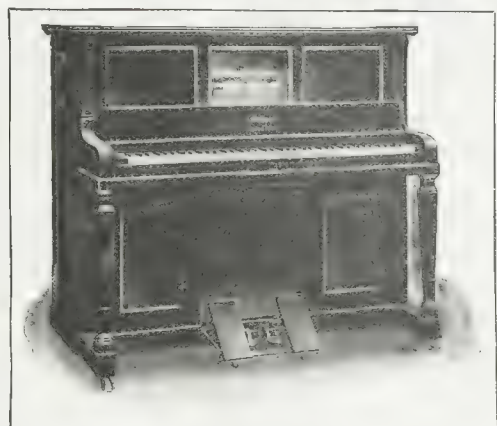
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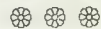


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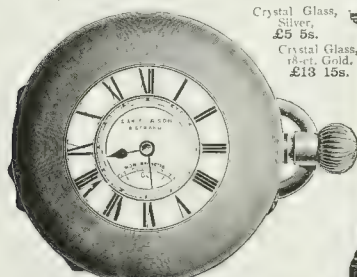


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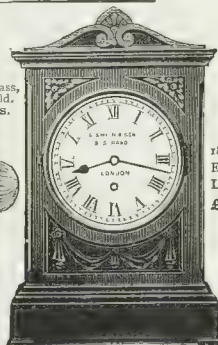
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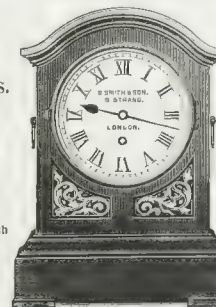
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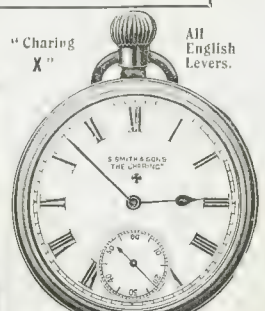
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"Yes, yes," he muttered. They looked at him. He couldn't swallow!

And now, beneath the table, his leg gave a sudden, ominous jerk. He felt it; it was dead already. His skin, hot and dry before, grew clammy. Those horrible hands still crashed out their discords. Fireworks fizzed, and popped, and whistled, echoing among the mountains.

He staggered suddenly to his feet. "Anna, I'm poisoned—I'm poisoned—I'm a dead man!" he gasped.

Once out, the choking cry itself added to his terror. Terror! That, too, was a symptom. He was a lump, quivering mass of nerves now, on his knees, moaning, "O Padre Nosso!" and babbling of his sins. Anna knelt beside him, very pale. What was it? It couldn't have been the wine—it must be something he had eaten.

"Quick, Constança," she cried; "bring mustard and warm water!"

"O, Anna, I'm dying—dying!"

"O, Manoel, Manoel!" She tears kissing him, begging his recovery. She had not meant anything. She was only teasing—because he was always jealous. She wanted to punish him for talking to her about the sailor the other night. She was a wicked girl; but she did love him. "Oh, you mustn't die, Manoel! Don't die, Manoel, dear!"

Bailey and Simmons staggered up with a great water-bucket, used for horses and oxen, thinking vaguely that, tilted over him, it might do good. Constança, followed by a man and woman from the inn, brushed the sailors aside. "Drink this," she said. Manoel Pinto was led behind the stack of fagots. He was in the midst of pained agonies, when Luiz Andrade thrust through the little crowd. He bent



"Oh, what a joke!"

more water! But what a joke for the Pontinha bathers in the morning! Manoel's poison!" He shook convulsively, gripping the side of the sledge. "Oh, what a joke!" At Funchal he stood himself some tinta on the strength of it—unwatered.

THE END.

down beside his friend. "What is it, Manoel? What's the matter?"

"Air! Air!" gasped Manoel feebly. The chemist turned his twinkling glasses on the watchers, and motioned them back. Manoel, hoping now for some effective antidote, whispered his confession. "What, the big jar? On the bottom shelf?" He made a strangled noise, almost hysterical; Manoel felt his last hope going. "Anna, bring a glass of aguardiente," cried Andrade.

"Is there no hope?" moaned Manoel.

"Yes, yes, I think we'll pull you round. I think the worst's over."

The spirit, or Andrade's words, worked wonders. When Bailey and Simmons left to join their ships, Manoel was himself again, though pale, and still shaky. "You'll soon get over that," said Andrade. "Going down now? Well, I'll see you to-morrow at the Pontinha."

Lights twinkled from the warships, as Manoel and Anna, coming down to Funchal, arm-in-arm, watched the sea through August leaves. Very faintly came the strains of "God Save the King" from the British vessel; they died away into night silence; then "The Star-Spangled Banner" took their place. For the first time Manoel listened with a good heart. Behind, from the summit, faint poppings and booms at intervals told them that the Festa of Our Lady was dying hard.

Andrade chuckled gleefully, as he stepped into the *carinho* an hour later. "Confound him, though," he muttered, "I'll have to distil some

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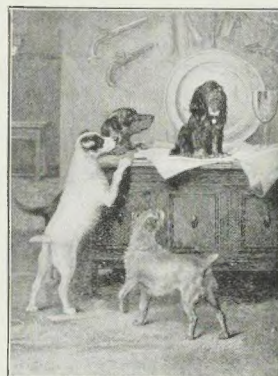
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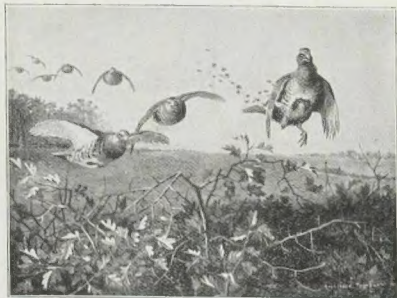


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We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philo-
sophic Eye looks into Infinitude itself.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

'It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?'—Addison

'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian whose portal we call death.'—Longfellow

'INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.'—Goethe.

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

"Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should."

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet), and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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